

COUNTRY LIFE" BOX HILL FUND (Illustrated).
Viscount Grey's fine speech on accepting the Deeds.

DEC 10 1923

COUNTRY LIFE

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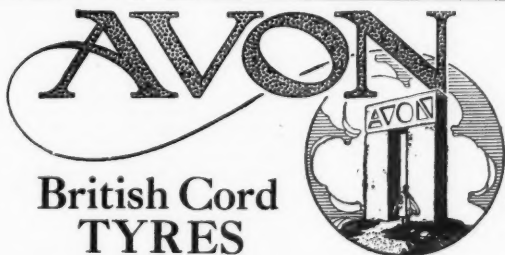
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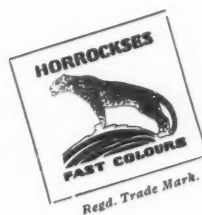
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VOL. LIV.—No. 1404.

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[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



VISCOUNTESS GREY OF FALLODON.

COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs and sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

How to Enjoy Open Spaces

THE germ of much teaching is contained in the description by Viscount Grey, at the Box Hill ceremony, of the uses to which every private citizen could put land held by the National Trust for the Nation. His speech at the luncheon was in a happy vein from beginning to end, but it was impossible for the audience not to see and feel that it was best in the description of certain methods of deriving enjoyment from it. In other parts the speaker did his duty ably and pleasantly. He rejoiced that Box Hill was safe, and enumerated the workers in the cause, as one who appreciated what the money campaign meant at a time of dwindling trade and growing taxation. That there is much to be done in the way of impressing on the new owners of the soil that with the gift should go a sense of responsibility for its orderly keeping he pointed out with force and point. But it was when dwelling on the enjoyment to be derived that Lord Grey rose to his best. His voice and expression would have told, had there been any necessity for it, that his own chosen pleasure lay in watching the way of nature. It is not enough to take care of the ground and not litter it with paper and wrappings; he would like all to participate in the owner's care for his property. The broad lesson is that responsibility comes with possession. No man brought up

on a farm needs telling to shut the gates—he has seen the damage done by neglect. Your wandering pilgrim from the city is not so particular, presumably because he has not previously owned land. If he has, by permission, entered the grounds and house of a kindly owner, the least he can do in return is to avoid disturbing or tampering with what he sees. One is not so certain about the effect of appointing days on which to admire a tree opening its leaves or showing them with the gaudy hues which decay produces.

"If reasons were plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion," said Falstaff, and admiration has a tendency to share this antipathy. Even the glory of a sunset loses something if one is called to admire it, and, therefore, it does not break on the eye unexpectedly. At any rate, there are some people, not exactly bound by the rule of contrary, who refuse to go into an ecstasy on the word of command. Bushey on Chestnut Sunday? Box Hill on Beech Sunday? No one can question the delight of Lord Grey; it was written on his face as the words came like music from his mouth. He was thinking, perhaps, of days spent in waiting for the tree to unclothe its leaves, the tenderest and most welcome in the woodland, and if the visitor ever trains himself to watch and wait as he did, the joy will be his also. The great naturalist who is said to have knelt before a flowering gorse bush and thanked God for having created anything so beautiful must have done so in a transport of joy, but the sight came to him as one of Nature's never-ending surprises when she reveals a new beauty in the most familiar object. Were the crowd to follow his example, the involuntary surprise would be lacking and the act of homage would pass into the soulless region of convention.

Lord Grey's suggestion of making small enclosures is wholly admirable and probably would bring about that much desired sense of responsibility. Birds need cover for their mating, nesting and breeding. But they are attracted also by a supply of food, and, fortunately, it is easy to plant flowering and berry-bearing shrubs. The writer, glancing out of his window while writing this, can see half a dozen species fluttering and squabbling for the hips of a wild rose. The blackbirds that from strawberry time till the latest apples were plucked lived on the choicest fruits of the garden, are glad enough now of this humble fare. For the moment, no attack has been made on the holly berries or the haws, but these are reserves to fall back on if a hard winter is to be augured from the majesty of the great elms clad in frosts, "white samite, mystic, wonderful."

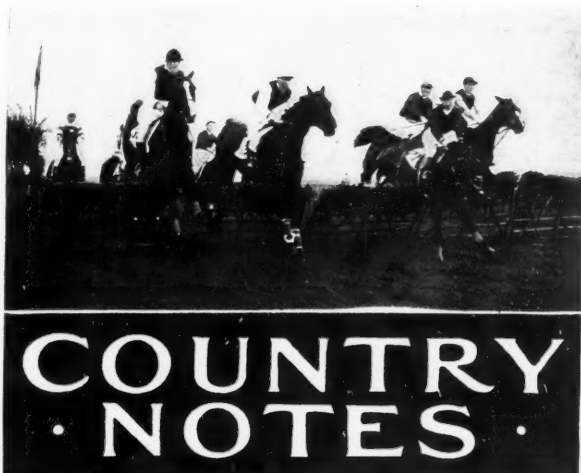
If visitors were encouraged to present to the parks such berrying shrubs or trees as might be useful for winter feeding, interest would be quickened by the pleasure of watching them grow and provide winter food for the birds. This would infallibly lead to the formation of a strong public opinion in favour of taking a personal part in maintaining and guarding the amenities of the place. To create a class that does not need compulsion is strengthening public opinion in support of the compulsion necessary for the persistent offender.

We should like to add a word about Lord Grey himself. There is no one in Great Britain who has done more to stimulate a healthy love of the open air and of the birds and beasts to be found there. He has delivered many speeches on occasions similar to the one with which we have been dealing, and in every case has brought forward something novel and interesting for the amusement and instruction of his audience. It has often occurred to us that, if these scattered utterances were gathered together and bound into a book, it would be, in all probability, a very successful book from the author's point of view, and certainly one of rare and refreshing interest to the reader.

Our Frontispiece

OUR Frontispiece is a portrait of Viscountess Grey, who was present with Viscount Grey of Fallodon, at the ceremony of handing over the title deeds of Box Hill to the National Trust.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



ALL who are interested in the orderly maintenance of our public spaces owe a debt of gratitude to Lord Grey of Falldon for the masterly way in which, in his speech at Box Hill on Thursday, he focussed attention on the increased carelessness and disregard of decent behaviour on the part of a certain section of the public who resort to open spaces merely for an outdoor picnic. During the summer and early autumn scarcely a week passes without protests appearing in the newspapers. Everywhere the same thing is taking place; crowds that have increased enormously in number owing to the ease with which they can travel, appear to imagine that enjoyment consists in turning places of the most exquisite beauty into a Hampstead Heath as it is on a Bank Holiday. It is the same in the distant Lake districts of Westmorland and Cumberland as it is at Box Hill and other grounds handed over to the National Trust for the benefit of the public. Lord Grey stated that after a Bank Holiday it cost at Box Hill from £40 to £50 to clear away the *débris* left by the merry-makers. There is endless paper thrown about after the consumption of the edibles for which it was used as wrapping, and that is one of the smallest offences. Paper can be gathered into a heap and reduced to inoffensiveness by the application of a match; but sardine tins, and bottles, many of which have been broken by an improvised cock-shy, have to be carted away to a suitable dump. To describe the disorders is almost impossible; they have to be seen to be realised.

THE great sums of money which are being spent on roads used by all and sundry entitle the ratepayers' to know, in some measure, how the work is carried out. At the Public Works, Roads and Transport Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, held during the past week, this was possible, though it was chiefly for the benefit of those people whose profession the word "authority" best describes. The private individual is so rarely called upon to lay roads or compute the merits of the various kinds of mechanical appliances, from steam-rollers and water-carts to the most elaborate concrete-mixing and laying, and tar-distributing and brushing engines, that in the Agricultural Hall he was largely preoccupied with wonder at the ingenuity of modern times and the pleasant thought that he had proprietary interest in some similar machines. In conjunction with the Commercial Motor Exhibition the Islington show does, undoubtedly, bring home the great strides that have been made during the past ten years to provide roads equal to the demands of transport and to keep the cities habitable. Of real interest, too, was the series of papers read by eminent engineers.

FOOT-AND-MOUTH continues to cause endless trouble and heavy monetary loss. Unfortunately, a great number of amateur and other advisers do not concentrate upon the right point of investigation. They adduce familiar instances—of the infection being carried by men, animals, hay, straw and other means. These, however, are comparatively unimportant. They only show how,

when the disease once breaks out, ramifications spread from the original starting point. The real mystery is how an outbreak begins where there are no proofs or even signs that show the reason for its doing so. Until the initial outbreak can be explained no useful progress is possible. So far, the only plausible theory to account for it is that of the migrating birds, and it has not yet reached the stage of what may be called proof.

IN his *Memories*, just published by John Murray, Lord Long of Wraxall, better known as the Walter Long whose resolute enforcement of the Muzzling Order in Lord Salisbury's first Administration was the means of ridding the country of rabies shows himself as a fearless servant of the State who, being assured of the soundness of his policy, carried it out for five years of almost continuous opposition. He was born in Wales more than three-score years ago, and has witnessed innumerable and most weighty changes since the time when he was one of a family of five boys and five girls, who lived a thoroughly country life "all dressed in the roughest clothes." A mighty hunter before the Lord, a good cricketer, a shot and a traveller, he has given a moving picture of these amusements. Beside it there is placed a good record of work done in Parliament and in the country, and he is able to give us a valuable account of many aspects of country life not to be seen again as he saw them. "The coming of the motor has had a great, if occasionally an indirect effect on sport; it has entirely changed the character of an ordinary Hunt meeting; thousands of people attend in place of hundreds." That is just one instance in which Time, after standing still for centuries, has started on a mad gallop. Lord Long is not yet a very old man, but his chronicle is one of a present, not gliding slowly, but actually rushing into the past.

SHELLS.

Down by the sea-shore there lie shells,
We call them shells,
But eternity knows they are songs of the sea,
Wonders weaned from antiquity.
Hold to the ear, and distinct and clear,
Songs dim in the distance you will hear,
Not of silver or gold, but tales that were told
Before the sea and the earth grew old
That now lie buried in shells.
The countless colours and curves and forms,
Ocean-created and moulded by storms,
We call them shells, for they only remain
Of the far-off echoes and faint refrain
Of what used to be,
What used to be.

SYBIL S. DUTTON.

TWO books have been published simultaneously which give remarkable character studies of two very similar and nearly contemporary women: Queen Elizabeth and Lady Anne Clifford of Knoles. In both one sees the inspired obstinacy which provides women with the driving power they physically lack. Both were born despots; both had unhappy youth; both, behind their awesome demeanour, hid the tender hearts of women. Mr. Frederick Chamberlin has contributed, in *The Sayings of Queen Elizabeth*, a really valuable book to the study of that enigma; and Miss V. Sackville-West has written an admirable sketch, in the introduction to the *Diary of the Countess of Dorset* (as Lady Anne was at the time she wrote it), of a feudal queen of the North. The similarity of their characters can be seen in such remarks as the Queen's "By God's Death! I would send my fleet to disperse the Armada even if it were in the interior of Spain"; to Lord Burghley: "I have been strong enough to lift you out of the dirt, and am still able to cast you down again"; and Lady Anne's reiterated reply to those who sought to do her out of her buccaneer father's inheritance of Brough, Burgh, Barden, Skipton and Pendragon, though James I himself wheedled and stormed: "I would never part from Westmoreland while I lived, on any condition whatsoever"; or her note, just before her death, to one urging her to

protect a Parliamentary candidate: "I have been bullied by a usurper, I have been neglected by a Court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject." But Lady Anne had no sense of humour; while Elizabeth could reply to de Silva, on his telling her the Pope had a very exalted idea of her ability: "I think he and I should get married!"

IN the late General Pereira the spirit of Marco Polo and Purchas' Pilgrims lived again. He was familiar, as other men are with the holiday grounds of Europe, with the high uncertain borderland between the two worlds that make up this globe, the Chinese and the Aryan. On his great trek on foot from Peking to Lhasa, during 1922, he emulated the feats of the nameless Franciscan missionaries of the thirteenth century, travelling with none but a Chinese cook and a boy, joining such voyagers or merchants as he chanced to meet and passing unmolested through mountains and countries bristling with brigands. His knowledge of the Chinese tongue and etiquette was probably unrivalled, while his acquaintance with the aboriginal tribes was certainly so. He was the virtual discoverer of the great mountain Amnemachin, towering isolated to 25,000ft., and as a surveyor he has accomplished more than any other living European, in China at least. The good explorer must unite with languages, tact, intrepidity and physique a knowledge of geology, natural history, botany and anthropology, and their attendant sciences, if he is not, on his return to civilisation, to feel that he has only half fulfilled his mission. All these, with the additional qualities of an excellent soldier and a keen sportsman, General Pereira united in his person.

IT appears that the supply of British-grown and British-made bread is not very considerable at the present moment, though in a few towns it is procurable. Sir John Edwards-Moss, having read what appeared in COUNTRY LIFE about Newport Pagnell, has been making enquiries at the National Farmers' Union. In a reply received from the Secretary it is stated that "there is at the moment, I believe, a shortage of this flour (all-English flour), but if you will apply to the Secretary of our Buckingham branch, Mr. L. Osborne, 8, Bridge Street, Buckingham, he will give you any information available regarding the local scheme." As many readers may like to know about the supply of home-grown bread, we venture to print this portion of our correspondent's letter. It may have the effect of stimulating those concerned to an increased production of the flour referred to. That there is a determination to promote the manufacture and consumption of the English loaf is shown by the action of a number of Norfolk farmers belonging to the National Farmers' Union. They have decided to open a baker's shop in Norfolk for the sale of home-grown and home-baked bread. They have come to the conclusion that they could produce this loaf at 7d. a quartern, as compared with the 8d. or 9d. charged for the bread made from high-grade foreign flours.

AT no season of the year can the week in London and its end spent in the country be more different than during November. The home counties have lately been enjoying a remarkable series of hoar frosts. Beneath a sky of clear pale blue and a burnished sun every twig on every tree has been loaded with crystals, sometimes nearly an inch in depth. Hanging woods have been changed into glass palaces, and the familiar thorns and gorse and dead grasses touched to diamond splendour in the windless days and full-moon nights. For an hour or two, about noon, such slopes as caught the slanting warmth of the sun thawed and the woods were full of a tiny crackling and tinkling as the crystals fell in flakes on the frozen ground. But out of the sun winter yet reigned, and those standing round coverts or seeking vainly the white ball on the whiter ground could enjoy the beauties of a snowy day without the damping prospect of the thaw. Yet, Monday came and they left the blue and silver kingdom for one of black, relieved with a sickly yellow brown, all the more incongruous for the unconcern with which London folk and London sparrows flit about their daily

business, as though they did not know there was sparkling rime over all the rest of England.

NOT long ago we announced the approaching retirement of Sir Robert Blair from the post of Education Officer for London, which he has held for twenty years under the London County Council. At that time we expressed curiosity, and not a little anxiety, as to his successor in the vastly important but thankless task of administering the twelve and a half million pounds that is spent annually on London education. It is gratifying to see that the L.C.C. have found such an eminently good successor. Mr. G. H. Gater is by far the best man in the country for the post, and his recommendation is most happy. In other fields Mr. Gater is a brigadier-general, C.M.G., D.S.O. and bar, Legion of Honour and Croix de Guerre. He is a Wykehamist and has held many high educational appointments before and since the war, in which he served in Gallipoli, Egypt and France with such distinction.

NEXT year's Open Golf Championship is to take place at Hoylake, and in this regard it is interesting to know that the Royal Liverpool Club has been considering alterations of the course under Mr. Colt's advice. Alternative holes are being made which may displace three famous holes—the Alps, the Hilbre and the Rushes. The Alps, despite its imposing name and slightly less imposing sandhill, would leave few to regret it should it disappear, since it is both "blind" and lucky; but it would be sad to lose the Hilbre, which has something unique about it, and under an innocent exterior conceals very severely testing qualities. How many a golfer has been pitifully short there for fear of running over into the insidious little pond! However, both the Royal Liverpool Club and Mr. Colt have a proper respect for Hoylake's historic holes and may well be trusted to look after them. It is only to be hoped that a noble course will not be made too long for ordinary flesh and blood. When he hears rumours of a course 6,800yds. long the man in the street cannot but feel some doubts as to whether his game will be so enjoyable as of old.

"The air of heaven is that which blows between a horse's ears."—

BEDAWIN PROVERB.

Where bold my stallion passage steers
With flying feet unshod,
The wind that blows between his ears
Comes wafted straight from God.
The golden gates of Allah throw
Their desert-welcome wide:
To win the Paradisal glow
I woo my horse's stride.

H. C.

DESPITE the fog, there were some good Rugby football matches last Saturday. Cambridge, after their great fight against Mr. Baxter's team of all the talents, were rather disappointing against the United Services; but Oxford, revived by a week's rest, played splendidly against Dublin. Their forwards held their own with a fine Irish pack, and their three-quarter line did the rest in great style. Lawton was to have been tried as wing forward, the only place that this versatile player has not occupied, but this curious experiment could not be tried since the subject of it was not well. Those who went to Blackheath saw a sparkling exhibition by the Harlequin backs, whose speed and cleverness were altogether too much for their adversaries. Blackheath often got the ball, but it was almost ludicrous to see it passed from man to man with never a yard gained; whereas, as soon as a Harlequin had the ball, and more especially when Gracie was racing along with it, his head flung back, the Blackheath line was always in imminent danger. Gibbs was extremely fast on the wing, and the game provided a thoroughly exhilarating spectacle for those who were not too sorrowful at the downfall of the famous "Club."

SINGLETON AND WHESSELL'S "War" and "Peace" are a relic of the last great war but one. For us they are agreeable reminders of how comparatively pleasant both war and peace must have been in 1798.

"COUNTRY LIFE" BOX HILL FUND

VISCOUNT GREY'S SPEECH ON ACCEPTING THE DEEDS FOR THE NATIONAL TRUST.

AT the Burford Bridge Hotel, on Thursday, November 22nd, Viscount Grey of Falldon accepted, on behalf of the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty, the new land, amounting to 252 acres, which has been purchased by subscribers to the COUNTRY LIFE Fund. He made a speech which deserves to pass into literature. Few would have appreciated it more than two men, separated by time, but made kin by their love of nature, one, and the more recent, R. L. Stevenson, who stayed at the hostelry what time he paid his first visit to George Meredith. The other was John Keats, who, more than a hundred years ago, finished his "Endymion" here in November, having begun it early in 1817 at Shanklin in the Isle of Wight.

The first line of it, the famous "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," might well have formed a text for Lord Grey. For his subject, like that of Keats, was "shapes of beauty":

Trees old and young, sprouting a shady
boon
For simple sheep.

These are subjects dear to Lord Grey; but, as well as being a lover of nature, he is an orderly-minded man of affairs, and first dealt with the history of the Box Hill movement and the part played in it by Mr. Leopold Salomons, Miss Warburg and COUNTRY LIFE. From that he passed easily and naturally to a lament over the extent to which industrialism had soiled and ruined natural beauty. This was done in no spirit of fault-finding, except so far as there was obvious regret in the tone of his voice when he said that "Undoubtedly our industrial civilisation had desecrated, destroyed and defaced some of the most beautiful parts of England. You may travel through some parts of the country which were naturally most beautiful in hills, valleys, wood and rivers, and see the river black with pollution, the whole country built over, and such trees as were left killed by the fumes from factories. It gives one a feeling of great pessimism to see that."

But hope was revived by what happened at Box Hill. It was a sign of grace, this successful effort to save for the nation "one of the notable interesting and beautiful parts of the earth's



Cecil.

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THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON, K.G.

crust." From praise of this successful movement he passed into blame of the people who did not act as though they had become owners of a fine estate. After a Bank Holiday some forty or fifty pounds had generally to be spent in clearing up the mess left behind by the merry-makers. The rising generation ought to be made to realise that places such as this, when they become properties of the public, carry responsibilities as well as benefits. "The public ought to feel about them as if they were their own property; that they had to take a pride in them and treat them with the same care, respect, and regard as anyone did his own private garden."

Nothing could have given the audience more pleasure than the happy suggestion made by Lord Grey as to the best manner of enjoying the open air. He was far from advocating any habit of scurrying over the ground in a motor car or any other kind of conveyance. The two great incidents in outdoor life are growth and decay. He, in tones that became tender in their love and appreciation, singled out the beech as an illustration of his doctrine. The great enjoyment in spring is to see it gradually coming into leaf; first, a little grey speck, then the long bud into which it grows, and, finally, the young leaf of a green that has no rival in vegetation. There are not many beauties of nature to equal that of a great beech in its first shimmering green garment of leaves that have not yet attained their full size. But it does not end there: the beech flowers profusely, and it is a noble thing to see every twig covered with the first blooms. Then comes the time of the middle season, of sobriety and chastened colour, when the beech nuts swell and grow until at last they are ready to fall on the ground, where they feed such inmates of the forest as the jay, pheasant and wood-pigeon. Some keep hanging to the twigs, and on the first days of winter companies of these beautiful wildings assemble to enjoy their little quarrels and squabbles. By that time the beech has donned and doffed again the most brilliant coloured leaves of the autumn pageant, and soon it is only a mass of black twigs. They rest till the spring calls them to life once more. At the feet of the beech



THE HAPPY VALLEY, PURCHASED BY THE "COUNTRY LIFE" FUND.

is a carpet of the withered and reddened leaves. Lord Grey's proposal of instituting a Beech Sunday at Box Hill in the spring or autumn was an excellent one. Obviously, to know the beech in all its changes it must be visited at frequent intervals. He who does that with due appreciation of the moods and changes of nature will understand why it was that Richard Jefferies, most patient of observers, did not like new walks, but travelled the same ways again and again, never failing to find something new and interesting.

Most delightfully, too, did Lord Grey set out the pleasures to be had by making little enclosures in a great open space such as Box Hill. In an estate well over five hundred acres there need be no interfering with the pedestrian, or, indeed, with anyone who seeks to enjoy the beauties of nature, by making little enclosures. Birds do not need much room for their offices of courtship, mating, nesting and rearing their young, and they will carry them all out in close proximity to man provided that there is a little spot which to them is secure, which is home, where they are free from hostile disturbance. The pleasure given to the observer will well compensate him for any trouble or consideration he has extended to the birds. Lord Grey spoke as one who had gone lovingly through it all himself. There it stands, a miniature plantation of a quarter of an acre, a little bleak-looking in winter, with remains of withered grass and bracken hanging about the bramble, the briar and other wild shrubs. Nothing stirs for a time; all seems dead and the bird population departed; but, by and by the sun begins to shine with greater heat, the keenness of the wind abates and the sight of a tiny young rabbit or some other early comer hints that spring is nigh, and you realise it fully when from this small bird sanctuary issues the full sweet note of a blackcap piping to his mate. A few days of courtship and song; a busier time of gathering building material for the nest; the eggs appear; the birds grow silent, till in due time the chirping of fledglings tells that the miracle of birth has been accomplished once more and the cycle of the bird's year fulfilled.

Lord Grey would not have anyone discontinue his itinerary on account of weather: for, he will have it that there is no bad weather. There is only one kind of a day which he regards as hopeless, and he declared that he would not describe it, because he had set it down in his book. Perhaps he referred to his book on "Fly-Fishing," in which he describes a day in early spring or late winter with a leaden sky and no sunshine, and when there was not sufficient rain to produce even a flood. That may be the day he had in his mind; otherwise, we can think of nothing that meets the case except one of dark, dull, impenetrable fog. However that might be, he was intent at the moment only on showing that, with this rare exception, the weather of no day was bad weather. So, he argued, and he told them of the great pleasure of being able to enjoy the subdued colouring of November. Let us quote the passage in his own words:

The very stillness of the day has something which is attractive in it, and the mist which prevents us from seeing the distant view gives a softness and a mystery of outline to all the trees and near things which is, in its way, very attractive. And this has been, amongst other things one of the typical November days happily—our English weather is

such that every month has many typical days—with that sort of calm and that sort of mystery which comes from the softness of the atmosphere, which comes just when the leaves are lately fallen, and there is that peculiar "tang," as you might call it, that odour, almost, which comes from newly fallen autumn leaves, and which you can appreciate, especially on still autumn days. I give you that as an instance of how a day like to-day, which I have heard so much criticised, is really a day by which, if you look at it and think, "Now, next time a day like this comes round this is the sort of beauty which Box Hill will have, and that is the sort of pleasure which can be got walking about Box Hill," you will be saved from a great deal of disappointment.

In this way he showed not only how to preserve Box Hill, but how to find out new methods of deriving permanent enjoyment from it.

We cannot resist the desire to quote another example of Lord Grey's quiet but most effective oratory. It is in the passage in which he pleads for the formation of small enclosures in our public spaces. "Let me remind you that lately in the London Parks there have been certain small enclosures made which have greatly added to the wealth of bird life. If you make quite a small enclosure it does not really interfere with the public access at all. Whatever birds come to it are visible from outside. Their songs can be heard from outside, and at the same time the fact of having an enclosure brings certain birds to nest and breed in the places, where they have an opportunity for quiet. Because, so long as they are not interfered with, birds do not mind the presence of mankind at all."

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Already acknowledged				7	18	8
Anonymous				100	0	0
Balance of the High Sheriff of Surrey's Fund				50	17	0
Per Mr. Ralph M. Wood—						
Proceeds of Collecting Boxes:						
Mrs. Collins' Tea Rooms	2	7	6			
Fort Tea Rooms:						
Boxes	£0	16	8			
Welsh Choir	0	3	0			
				0	19	8
Burford Bridge Hotel				0	4	6
Railway Arms Hotel				0	3	6
"Running Horses," Mickleham ..				0	1	4
Per Westminster Bank—Mr. John Parker						
(second subscription)	1	0	0			
				4	16	6
Collected at Branches of Westminster Bank				2	16	6
Southern Railway Collecting Boxes ..				1	18	7
				1	2	5
Per Mr. E. L. Sellick—						
Mr. Frederick S. Phillips				3	3	0
Mr. C. Rowland Cowley				0	5	0
Mr. J. E. S. Dallas				0	5	0
Interest received from Bank				48	12	2
				£7,632	5	0
Cheque previously acknowledged as promised	10	10	0			
Cheque received	10	0	0			
				Less	0	10
Total				£7,631	15	0

With this list the COUNTRY LIFE Fund is closed. Anyone who desires to send further contributions towards the upkeep of Box Hill is requested to address them to the Box Hill Management Committee, 72, High Street, Dorking.



THROUGH THE VALLEY.

FRANCO-MOORISH ARCHITECTURE IN MOROCCO

BY SIR MARTIN CONWAY, M.P.



RABAT: THE RESIDENCY, FROM THE MARSHAL'S GARDEN.

EVERY European nation possessing, or responsible for, an oriental country is, of necessity, faced by an architectural problem. It has to build. Government offices, cantonments, residences and business premises will all be required for the European element. They cannot be built in the local style. That was developed by different needs and is adapted to a different social system from the European. The incomers must either bring their style with them or invent a new style on the spot to meet their new requirements. The problem is not novel. It has had to be faced in India, in Egypt, and away off to China, and not by us only, but by the French and other European colonisers. Truth to tell, the solutions attempted have not, until recent years, been very creditable. No lover of art will ever seek India for the sake of its nineteenth century British architecture. Military builders are proverbially and professionally philistine, and nowhere more so than in the East. The prestige of an invader tends to the importation of his home style of building and its imitation by native men of wealth anxious to display their equality with the occidental in all that is most modern and advanced. Large public buildings, naturally, fall under the direction of home architects of established position who have spent their professional lives and attained their reputation and success in building under totally different conditions of climate, materials and traditions of handicraft from those obtaining in any oriental

country. Only in quite recent years has it been frankly recognised that the architectural forms and traditions of temperate Europe are fundamentally unsuited to the sunny East and that there good building must be designed from the foundation up in a style conditioned by the circumstances of the country.

The late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, with his usual keen insight into essential facts, was one of the first to perceive that the ordinary architecture then employed in South African towns was both mean in character and unsuited to the country. He observed that the Dutch colonists of an earlier generation had shown more originality in the adaptation to their daily needs of the building traditions they brought with them. He accordingly initiated—or, at least, backed—a revolution in local architecture which an architect of unusual gifts availed to carry through. The experience thus obtained enabled Mr. Baker to attack with no little success the problem of creating a new kind of Anglo-Indian architecture, and the name of Sir Edwin Lutyens will be even more prominently associated in future architectural history with the same achievements. The new Delhi will be their monument, which he that stands in that city will behold about him.

The French in Morocco have been called upon to build, and to build extensively—not alone to house a new administration, but to accommodate a considerable influx of European men of business and others engaged in professions, as well as a large



RABAT: From left to right—THE RESIDENCY, THE MILITARY, CIVIL AND DIPLOMATIC OFFICES.

military force. In proportion as Morocco is smaller than India, so is the problem of building a capital less in scale. But the French, coming suddenly into a new country almost within hail of their own shores, have had to build, and to build all at once, not only governorates, residences and administrative offices of all kinds, but ports and warehouses, railway stations, post offices, banks, streets of shops, hotels and houses large and small, both in cities and in the country. Clearly, such a sudden demand for building, not at one centre only, but all over a large country, is not a common occurrence. The Romans, when they conquered and settled in Britain, had to deal with a like demand. Silchester, for example, shows how they dealt with it in towns and our Roman British villas in the country.

It is at Casablanca that the traveller commonly makes first acquaintance with French accomplishment in this kind. The actual port presents no novelty, because the form of a port is determined by ocean forces which are much the same everywhere and are not influenced to any noticeable degree by climate ;

have taken a century or two, in our quickly moving times has been done in a decade. Already the streets of French tradition in Casablanca look out of date. They are brand new and yet old-fashioned. The like of them will be built no more. Experience has taught its lesson once for all, but not experience only ; creative genius has led the way and bridged the gulf. Someone possessed of vision, I know not whom, perceived what was wrong and how to set it right. He may not have been—probably, was not—an architect, but, rather, one of those efficient patrons of art, as was Pericles in his day, to whom the world ultimately owes its greatest treasures. The power of art always lies latent in any progressive human society : it is not the artist, but the patron, that calls it into activity and gives it scope. The patron who feels a need and calls for its fulfilment is the efficient moving force. Some such patron there must have been in Morocco, and we shall not go far wrong if we identify him in Marshal Lyautey. He, I believe, it was who decided that a new kind of building was called for in the country to whose development

he had devoted his life. Summoning his architects, he bade them forsake the traditional style they had brought with them from France and discover a new style adapted to the new requirements. Let them study the old buildings of the country and learn from them. Imitation would lead them nowhere. They must, rather, adapt, the old forms in new combinations to fulfil new purposes. The need must shape the style.

By the kindness of the Moroccan Administration some photographs of the newest buildings have been sent to me. Most of the smaller houses have flat roofs after the Moorish tradition, but roofing with blue-glazed pantiles is also employed. Such tiles are also freely used to cover the sloping upper surface of the wide eaves which boldly crown the walls of flat-roofed buildings. They also cover the jutting canopies that are used to give shade to windows. The effect of these blue pantiles high aloft against the blue sky is admirable. Splendid friezes of coloured tiles are also introduced in important public buildings, usually along the top of the walls below the eaves. Tiles, too, are combined in elaborate compositions as frame or setting to stately doorways. Another common feature is an arcade either round-arched or of pillars supporting a horizontal architrave. Such porticoes open on to shady rooms or on to courtyards. In the latter case they merely carry on a Moorish type, but no Moorish building ever thus displayed its interior to the public view. The other kinds of applied decorations in addition to tiles are chiselled stucco and mosaic. These follow the old local tradition very closely, but are not often exposed to the open air. They are the chief elements of interior decoration, the mosaic covering the lower part of walls, piers and even columns, while the delicately carved stucco is placed above, beyond the reach of everyday jostling. Floors are likewise tessellated or paved, wooden floors being unsuited to the climate.

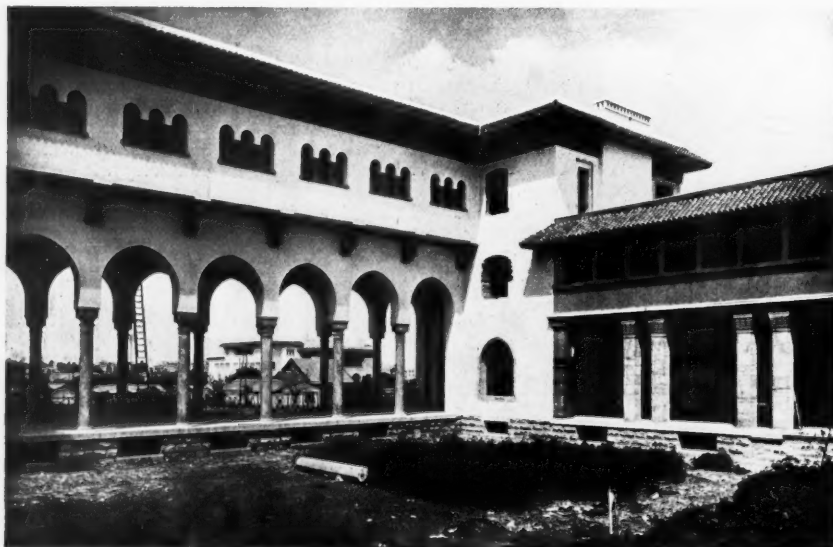
The Palais de Justice at Casablanca was only approaching exterior completion when I was there, but it already produced a striking effect, especially the main façade. Nothing could be simpler in composition. Emphasis is there laid upon the central pavilion, which is higher than the general level of the roof. It merely serves as frame and covering to a vast portal reached

by a wide flight of steps. This portal is deeply recessed, and the whole of the recess is filled with an assemblage of richly coloured tiles. The two wings to right and left have the simplicity of their long white surface broken by an arched colonnade, through which one can look into a large courtyard intended to be gardened and planted with shade-giving trees. At either end of this imposing range is a great window widely framed in tiles, and there is a frieze of tiles carried round the top of the walls under blue-roofed eaves. The general tone of all these tiles is likewise blue. Except for the openings, the walls are a featureless expanse of white, intended to be kept fresh by periodical whitewashing, as is the custom in Morocco, where it is the exception to see a native house soiled or spotted.

The Post Office at Casablanca is another considerable building, its scale being doubtless determined by the prospects of the future rather than the needs of the present. It offers towards the main street an imposing pillared porch. The capitals, upon fine monolith columns, are beautifully carved examples



CASABLANCA: PALAIS DE JUSTICE.



THE COURTYARD, LOOKING THROUGH THE COLONNADE.

but once on shore his interest will be arrested by the number and the variety of new edifices which surround him on all sides. On first landing in Morocco or Palestine it is not easy to describe the first impression thus produced upon oneself—the impression of a mingling of East and West, as it were interlacing, but not combining. Parts of the town are as French in aspect as any street in Marseilles, parts are the unaltered Orient. It is clear that, at first, French architects brought their traditions with them and failed to observe that they were faced by any new problem. The experience of the people thus housed in a purely French fashion must very soon have demonstrated their mistake. The force of circumstances set invention to work, and where architectural inventiveness is required the French have never been slow to provide it.

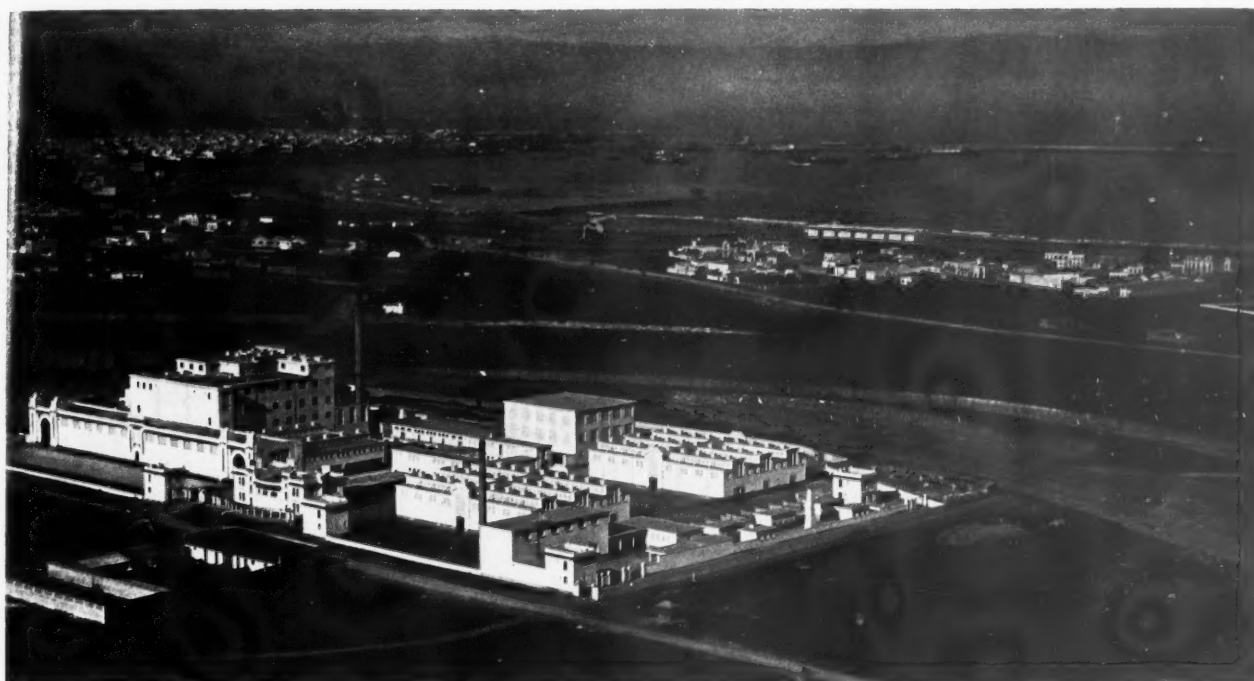
As one wanders about in the new quarters built by the French in their settlements adjacent to native Moroccan cities, such as Casablanca, or, even better, Rabat, it is entertaining to observe how a new style rapidly arose. What in old days might

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THE ABATTOIR ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF CASABLANCA.

copied from the best Moorish type, a type slowly elaborated during a succession of centuries to a very precious perfection, and as well worth maintaining in use as the classical types the world so over-commonly employs. Above this arcade is a portico on the upper floor, the wall being again otherwise featureless and white. It is terminated by a frieze of tiles and by eaves roofed with the usual glazed blue pantiles. Within the ground-floor portico is the public entrance to the building, and this is dignified and embellished with a great setting of coloured tiles, partly quite traditional, partly new in design—the traditional group including inscriptions designed by one of the trained calligraphers who are successfully reviving in Morocco, under French patronage, the decaying art of Arabic writing.

A further most praiseworthy innovation has been made by the Administration in Casablanca which the rest of the world would be wise, but is scarcely likely, to imitate. I refer to the large abattoir which has been built in open country some little distance beyond the town. Such buildings are generally a blot on the landscape. This, while still severely practical, is the reverse of unsightly. It is enclosed within a rectangular wall. The flat-roofed component parts, rising to different levels and culminating near the tall chimney, please the eye by their good grouping and proportion. All are whitewashed. Save for a colonnade about the entrance, purely decorative features are absent. Thus might any factory be built at little extra expense—and with how great an addition to social amenities.

Casablanca is probably destined to be Morocco's principal port; Rabat is to be the French administrative capital. It is, accordingly, there that the Residency and the central offices of the Government have been or are being built. They have been designed together as a group planted within a park on rising ground, whence is obtained a wide view, comprising with the Giralda-like tower of the great ruined mosque rising four-square and dominant in the midst, the old town behind and the ocean beyond, while to the right the Morocco plain leads away to the hill country of the remote Spanish zone. The Residency is designed for full enjoyment of this beautiful view, toward which a stately portico or large open-air room is turned, this and the two flanking tile-framed windows being the only parts conspicuously decorated. A curving succession of office buildings sweeps round from the back of the Residency, encircling a garden in a wide crescent. Each of these two-storeyed buildings has an open portico along the ground floor, and these porticoes are connected into a long succession by covered arcaded corridors joining one to the next. The first-floor windows all along are shaded by out-jutting canopies roofed with the glazed blue pantiles, and these, with the porticoes below, produce a unity of effect from end to end. All the walls are otherwise plain and the roofs flat, and all are whitewashed. When the garden is finished and the trees have grown to their full stature, this group of buildings will produce a very stately effect. Their intended adaptation to climate, position and service is obvious at a glance.

Reinforced concrete or the soft local limestone are the materials commonly employed in all these buildings. Wood is not structurally used. The only important visible stone elements are the monolith columns, large and small, freely introduced in the porticoes and the carved capitals surmounting them. All the walls are externally stuccoed and whitewashed, so that the substance and nature of their composition are not discoverable. Their uniform and level whiteness is a perfect setting for bands or insets of colour, naturally and properly produced by inlay

of glazed tiles which does not disturb the flat surface of the walls.

The style thus exemplified is simple, adaptable and pleasing. It depends for its charm on good proportions and the bold use of colour under severe limitations of position and amount. While, in detail, acknowledging the traditions and, in structure, the climate of Morocco, it is, in spirit, thoroughly French. Yet, it is essentially integral, which ought to be carried far and wide throughout the sun-bathed regions of the world. Let British architects who are called upon to build in hot countries pay a visit of study to Morocco; they will find the adventure well repaid. Had the modern buildings in Egypt and in Palestine been thus designed, Cairo would still have remained a beautiful city, and Jerusalem would not have been so disgracefully disfigured.



CASABLANCA: THE POST OFFICE.

TWO WAYS OF DOG BREEDING

By A. CROXTON SMITH.

WE have been accused, as a nation, of taking our pleasures sadly. Would it not be more correct to say that we usually approach them with a degree of sanity that prevents us elevating sport into a serious business, and permits us to obtain amusement without the labour that transforms it into a burden? Perhaps, my bump of reverence is not sufficiently developed to enable me to approach the question of Alsatian breeding with due solemnity—I mean breeding as it is carried on in Germany. Let us assume that if a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well: that indifference or dilettantism is not to be encouraged. If one undertakes dog-breeding as a hobby it should be with the determination to succeed, and success cannot be won without some thought and trouble. To this extent approval may be lent to German thoroughness. The difference between our methods and theirs is marked. We have a habit of doing things for ourselves, resenting interference of others. The Germans believe in organisation and instruction. They have a remarkable club devoted to the interests of the sheepdog that we call Alsatian wolf-dog. It has a membership roll of about 50,000, and the names of nearly as many dogs were entered in last year's Stud Book, which extends to 1,100 pages. The country, I believe, is parcelled out into districts, with leading members at the head of each. Advice is given freely to members, and stud dogs are approved. Before a man can qualify as a judge he is expected to have been a breeder for ten years, he must have bred dogs that have received the award of "excellent," and it is necessary for him to have exhibited



ALERT AND SHARP AS A TERRIER

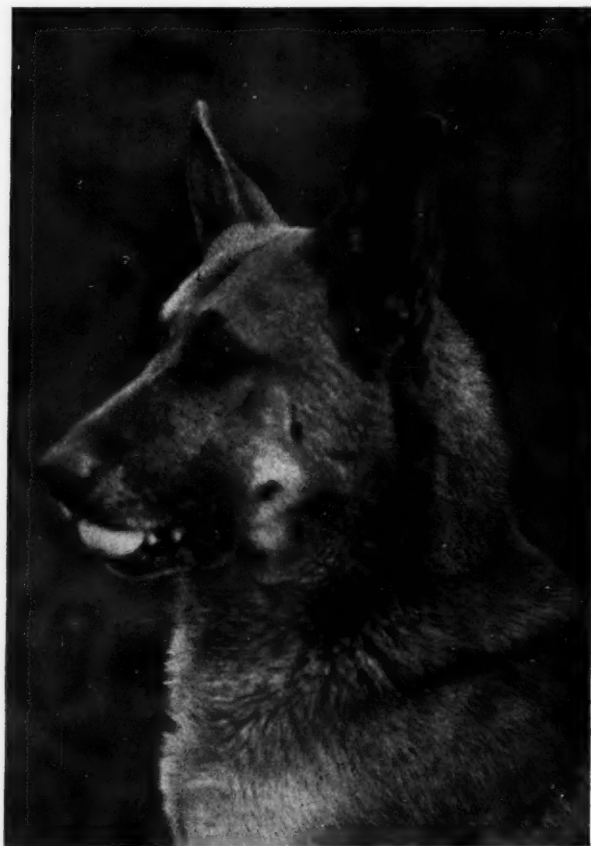
and matrons, and Mr. Partridge considers that, next to America, we have the best blood in the world, and if we cannot make good use of it I shall be very much surprised. Mr. Partridge, who lives at Woodmancote, Cirencester, had something more than enthusiasm at the back of him when he embarked upon the Alsatian cult, having already made a reputation for his fine herd of Middle White pigs, which, at his annual sale, made the third highest average of the year. Of course, in venturing on new ground he had to buy his experience. Being convinced that his first start was a bad one, he promptly decided to scrap the lot, and he began again with nothing but the best German-bred dogs that could be obtained, and whose pedigrees could be traced for generations in the German Stud Book. Incidentally,

at and attended a certain number of shows. Being then accepted as a novice judge, he is allowed to accompany a fully fledged judge into the ring and to make notes. When, at last, he emerges from the chrysalis stage we ought to look for a superman, but I wonder if he is really any better than our own judges, who rely upon their intuitive eye for an animal, combined with knowledge of the special breed characteristics.

Were I a betting man, I should be prepared to back the opinion of Mr. W. R. Partridge, whose dogs are illustrated this week, that within two or three years Americans will be coming to us for their stock instead of going to Germany. Knowing the calibre of British breeders when they seriously get to work, I am convinced that the state of nonage through which we have been passing is nearly at an end. During the last few years we have ransacked the Continent thoroughly for suitable sires



ALMA V GLOCKENBRINK.



SOFT-MOUTHED AS ANY SPORTING DOG

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CHAMPION ALF V TOLLENSTET OF SOUTHMORE.



VINCENT OF SOUTHMORE.

The dog on the left was reserve grand champion of Germany 1921-22.

I may mention that in his researches he was unable to find any traces of the wolf. His opinion confirms that of native authorities and strengthens the view that I had already formed. Without access to the Stud Book, I had reached the conclusion that the wolf cross was chimerical, because it seemed to be inconceivable that an element so disturbing and uncertain in its action should be introduced into jealously guarded pedigrees.

The careful breeder hesitates about going beyond his immediate family. How much more would he hesitate about bringing in an entirely alien factor that would disturb his calculations for four or five generations. Were the material upon which he was working extremely limited, so that he was faced with the danger of too close inbreeding, he might be driven to it by necessity, but these circumstances have not arisen in the case of the dog in question. The present dog seems to have sprung from two strains of sheepdogs that existed some fifty years ago in Württemberg and Thuringia. Both were celebrated for their cleverness in herding sheep, and, in order to effect a still further improvement, the two varieties were interbred by some shepherds more enterprising than their fellows. The earliest entries in the Stud Book, about thirty-six years ago, resolved themselves into the two strains referred to and the Krone strain. As time went on, breeders growing more numerous and more exact in their operations, certain families issued which gained a wider repute, and we now talk of the Kriminalpolizei, the Boll, the Riedekenburg, and one or two others. Mr. Partridge

paid several visits to the Continent, securing the finest specimens possible of the leading lines, and he has now such a powerful combination in his kennels that it will be unnecessary for him to resort to close inbreeding or to go outside for new blood.

He was only just in time, for, recently, Germany has been ransacked to such purpose by American buyers that it is doubtful if the Fatherland any longer is a promising field for the beginner

to explore. I am afraid that many of our importers will be disappointed. A good deal of rubbish is coming over, fortified by the magic "V" award. It should be remembered that only one grand championship show is held in Germany and Holland in the year, where the "V" (excellent) is awarded with searching discrimination, and "S. G." is given to a few of the younger ones up to eighteen months old. At the smaller shows the coveted approval is given more freely and, therefore, carries less value. Before making a purchase, trouble should be taken to ascertain where it was that the dog won. In many imported dogs I have noticed faulty fronts and hindquarters, and I asked Mr. Partridge if he could explain how this comes about. He considers that it



ELSA V HERNELWALD OF SOUTHMORE.
Ineligible for competition in England.

is attributable to bad feeding, and remarks that length of body and a good transmission movement through the muscles of the back are the points most emphasised. It is somewhat difficult to explain exactly what this characteristic gait is; and to understand it properly one should watch the best being judged. It is smooth and supple, and so easy that it is said a dog should be able to carry a tumblerful of water on its back without spilling



T. Fall

CHAMPION ADDA V GLOCKENBRINK.



ELSIE OF SOUTHMORE.

Copyright



THEA V LICHTENBURG.

any. I cannot recall any other breed that moves in precisely the same manner. It seems so easy and unlaboured that one can picture exercise being prolonged without producing fatigue.

Readers of COUNTRY LIFE have already had explained to them the methods employed in training Alsations for the police



EDU V SECRETAIRERIE

force. They may not be aware, however, that they make excellent gundogs, besides being most useful for herding sheep. One that Mr. Partridge sold to a lady was broken to the gun by a leading handler, who reported that he had never had a better in his charge, and Mr. Partridge has also shot over them. At one time he had contemplated having his trained in police duties, but he has abandoned the idea, preferring the disposition of those that have been accustomed to the milder business of herding or retrieving. He finds those descended from herding-trial winners much less suspicious in character than those from police-trained parents. Among the commendable traits of the breed he numbers their kindness with children, their friendliness in their owners' households, their freedom from doggy smell even when wet, and the little room they occupy indoors. Their shyness and suspicion of strangers are shared by many breeds of sheepdogs, including our own collies.

It is unnecessary to refer in detail to the numerous members of the Southmore Stud, many of the principal of which are illustrated. That they are of great excellence is proved by the numerous prizes that have been won in the last year or two.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

FAT STOCK AT NORWICH.

ON page 766, in our Correspondence columns, will be seen an illustration of the champion fat beast at the Norwich Fat Stock Show. It will be generally conceded that, judging from the butchers' point of view, she is a beauty. Her owner is Sir Richard Cooper, who last year took the championship with his cross-bred Blue Bill of the same breed as Lily, this year's winner. She is a blue-grey by Javelin of Banks, an Aberdeen-Angus sire, and an Angus shorthorn cow. She weighed 15cwt. 2qrs. 14lb. at two years eight months old. It will be interesting to watch what she does at subsequent shows. At the Norwich she had no formidable rival, but it will take a wonderful animal to beat her at the Birmingham and Smithfield Shows. The Duke of Portland was reserve with Welbeck Sceptre, a shorthorn steer. Mr. Carlyle Smith showed the best steer in the red poll class with Ashmoor Rufus, with Ashmoor A 1 as reserve. The best beast exhibited by a Norfolk farmer was found in Marham Daystar, which also secured the *Eastern Daily Press*, the Batty and the "Inchilleo" Cups. Black Diamond of Moor Park, belonging to Messrs. W. Horne and Sons, won the Argentine A.-A. Association silver medal; and the special prize for steers or heifers bred in Norfolk or Suffolk which were bought in Norwich was won by Mr. Thomas Cook's Pongo, with Mr. P. D. Chapman's winning steer second.

In sheep, the best pen was found in the Suffolk yearling wethers of the executors of Sir Ernest Cassel. Mr. Hubert Groom's first prize pen of cross-breeds was reserve. They were adjudged best when the Duke of Norfolk's prize for the best pen of lambs came to be awarded, the reserve going to Sir Jeremiah Colman's winning Southdown lambs. In spite of the foot-and-mouth restrictions, the Show was a very good one with well filled classes.

Milk was the prevailing topic among livestock owners until after the Dairy Show, but now it has become a question of beef, and the breed rivalry is as keen for the butchers' beast as it was in regard to the animals for the dairy. At present, the favourite is undoubtedly the cross-bred animal, and this is in large part due to the success of Sir Richard Cooper with last year's Champion Blue Bill, the cross-bred Aberdeen-Angus and Angus-Shorthorn, and this year with the similarly bred heifer Lily, which seems likely to go very far towards repeating the victory of her predecessor of last year. It marks a change from the long run of the pure-bred Aberdeen-Angus which held the field for many years, though in 1915 the King attained this supreme honour with a shorthorn heifer. Sir Richard Cooper's herd is, no doubt, managed with consummate skill, as both his successes were outstanding examples of the sort of animal needed by the butcher; but there are many who believe that by crossing any two pure-breeds of the best quality, similar rewards to high skill would be obtained. The Devon cattle men, for instance, live in hope of attaining the top place, and the shorthorn men, who have made such a wonderful rally in regard to milk production, hold that their double-purpose cow still remains at the top of the tree. We shall know more about the results after the Birmingham Fat Stock Show, which will be held at Bingley Hall from December 1st to 6th, and more still from the Smithfield Show, which will be held from December 10th to 14th at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, under the presidency of Lord Northbrook. Already lists of the principal exhibitors are out, and among them we notice the King, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Portland, the Earl of Durham, Viscount Allendale, Lord Cawley, Lord Glanely, Lord Hatherton, Lord and Lady Penrhyn, the Hon. Sir A. L. Stanley, Major J. A. Morrison, Mr. J. J. Cridlan, Mr. E. R. Debenham, Mr. S. F. Edge and many more of the first-class breeders. Sir Richard Cooper's heifer is very certain to find stronger competitors at Birmingham than she met at Norwich; but, as far as one can see at the moment, her chance of the final championship is at least as good as that of any that will be seen on exhibition.

PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATES AND POULTRY KEEPING.

Poultry keepers have increased in numbers very largely during recent years, and their National Council recommends that certain non-political questions should be submitted to every candidate. The points on which they request assurance of support are as follow: (1) They ask for pressure to be brought to bear on the Government to re-introduce at an early date the Merchandise Marks (Amendment) Bill, 1923. (2) An enquiry is demanded into the collection and preparation of dried and liquid eggs in the country of their origin, and the condition of such eggs on their arrival in this country. (3) They ask for support for proposals "that for taxing and rating purposes poultry farms shall be assessed on the same basis as are ordinary farms." (4) Will the candidate, if elected, do his best to obtain reductions of railway charges for conveyance of poultry, alive or dead, and of eggs, and also upon feeding stuffs and appliances?

IONICUS

Ionicus, by Viscount Esher, G.C.B., G.C.V.O. (Published by John Murray. Price 15s. net.)

THERE have been, and there are still, poets on the staff at Eton, in disproof of the accepted belief that no poet can succeed as a schoolmaster. Of these was William Johnson, who afterwards took the name of Cory. The verses which he wrote, while he was still an Eton master, were published under the title "*Ionica*," and deserve a wider circle of readers than they enjoy. In studying them, one arrives at this conclusion, that the poetry for which a schoolmaster's life provides material is of a rather special sort. And it comes about thus: the poet-schoolmaster spends his life in the contemplation of boyhood. Boyhood is a poetical thing, but for the schoolmaster it does not wear the same aspect as for other men. Most of us think youth transient, and, to describe it, use metaphors taken from things of brief beauty, such as dew, the dawn, blossoms in spring, and so forth. But for the schoolmaster his school is just boyhood made perpetual—ever new, ever old—timeless, in fact, while he is aware of himself, the grown man, as the transient thing, the ghost slipping back swiftly into the shadows. He lives with the school and would fain be of it, but he can never be reborn into it. And, because the schoolmaster is confronted with this perpetuity of youthfulness, it is rare to find him applying to it the metaphors other poets might think appropriate. One searches for them in vain in the first *Ionica*, and, instead, comes across such a sentiment as this:

For while my comrades pass away
To bow and smirk and glose,
Come others for as short a stay,
And dear to me as those.

"And who was this?" they ask; and then
The loved and lost I praise:
'Like you they frolicked: they are men:
Bless ye my later days."

Such a philosophy—almost an inverted philosophy—is more likely to flourish if the school lives a life of its own, cut off from the world of grown-ups; more likely in Eton, Winchester or Harrow than in St. Paul's or Merchant Taylors'. Eton, more than any other public school, suffices to itself. The mainspring of its life is a tradition centuries old, not only powerful but pervasive, regulating the smallest details of conduct. On the other hand, it is a community large enough to provide a many-sided life, so that each can find room to develop his own interests. Nothing there need distract the poet from his contemplation of that enduring youth, that eternal dayspring.

But although these conditions may favour a certain kind of poetising, they have another and less charming effect. For the schoolmaster, though he protest the contrary, does find it difficult to realise that his pupils, the individual boys whose names he knows, ever grow up when they have left school. Perhaps this is the main source of the unpopularity of pedagogues and explains why so few men make real friends, in later life, of their old housemaster or headmaster. It is the tragedy of schoolmasters. William Cory escaped it. And yet, in his letters to old pupils he often talked as dogmatically as any tutor talks to a fourth-former. Why did they stand it?

That it is worth while pausing to consider the question will be clear if one remembers the names of those who came under William Cory's influence, either while he was at Eton or after he had left the school—for instance, the Earl of Rosebery, Arthur Balfour, Alfred Lyttelton. Material for an answer is at hand in a collection of extracts from his letters to Viscount Esher now published under the title "*Ionicus*." And the answer is, perhaps, this: In the first place, William Cory was gifted with a nature of remarkable sweetness and charm. He had the poet's sensitiveness without the poet's egoism. His love and confidence he bestowed in generous measure upon his pupils. But, more than this, they, his pupils, must have recognised in him not only high ideals (for those are not uncommon among men of his calling), but ideals the practical application of which interested them in a very intimate fashion. For the truth is that "Billy Johnson" shuffling along, with bowed shoulders and peering eyes, a boon to the caricaturist, was no ordinary pedagogue. That is to say, he did not conceive that his duties were limited to teaching his pupils Latin and Greek and helping them to grow up decent and straight. He thought he had a special mission to train up politicians and soldiers—but especially politicians.

How was he equipped for the task? It would be possible to answer, rather poorly. Up to his fiftieth year, or thereabouts, he had not been out of England. His friends were all of one class—the class he met at Eton. He had no experience of

organising important enterprises or of administering anything more difficult than an Eton house. Passionately interested as he was in politics at home and abroad, many of his judgments were absurd. For instance, he underrated Gladstone, spoke rather patronisingly of Sir Robert Peel, made a hero of Ferdinand de Lesseps, showed a complete misunderstanding of Balkan problems and thought the Japanese ought to enlarge their minds by reading "Silas Marner." Even in literature and art his tastes stand exposed to strong criticism. He thought Tennyson a greater poet than Milton, and ranked "Queen Mary" higher than "Hamlet." And, though a music-lover, he thought that his lines beginning:

Relics of battle dropt in a sandy valley,
Bugle that screamed a warning of surprise

might suitably be wedded with the slow, languorous, sensual melody of Brahms' "*Sapphische Ode*"!

But to stop there would be the grossest injustice. The fact remains that William Cory was looked up to by his old pupils who had won to prominence in the world of politics. And the doctrine which he preached to them was a high and noble doctrine, nowadays much out of fashion. He believed with all his heart in the greatness of the British race and in their world-mission. He believed in the British Empire. "He wrote," says Viscount Esher, "at great length about India and our North-Western policy, glorying in the leadership of Englishmen, 'not conceiving that there can be any set of leaders more intelligent, brave and tenacious than the Britons.'" And again, "We are the fittest people extant for organising peoples (not nations)."

He was also a Whig aristocrat, perhaps one of the very last of that kind. He believed ardently in the landed aristocracy. Not that he was a snob, for he said, "Don't worship celebrities; like simple people—honest people"; and certainly not a toady, for he scorned asking influence or favour to enable his nephew to gain a commission in a field battery. He admired the aristocracy partly, perhaps, through natural inborn inclination, but much more through the circumstances of his upbringing. For he spent close upon forty years of his life at Eton in constant companionship with the children of aristocratic families. Indeed, his belief in the aristocracy was the corner-stone of his philosophy. The view he had formed of Eton society made it, to him, an incredible thing that anyone of intelligence should dispute the right of this class to bear rule. He was not out of sympathy with the lower classes, and after visiting Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday he declared that the crowds there behaved better than Eton boys on the Fourth of June. But he could not believe that the lower classes were at heart willing to accept as leaders any who were not gentlemen. He was not, he said, afraid of democracy, because it was not incompatible "with the maintenance of gentlemen as natural leaders" (and he quotes in support of this the case of New South Wales!). Two other of his utterances may be quoted as typical: "The war passages in 'Maud' and the prologue to the 'Princess' seem to indicate a wholesome English affection for the generous aristocracy"; "We have now reached the real crisis. It is now to be decided whether the gentlemen, the men of pride and enterprise, are to hold the flag and mark out the encamping ground for the nation, or the Calculators, the Budget worshippers, the 'majority'."

And though many of his political judgments were wrong and many of his prophecies falsified, he saw certain important principles and facts clearly enough. He preached friendship with France and apprehension of Germany. He even writes this: "I have formulated for Everard Primrose (fresh from Dalmatia) a plan for Vaticanizing the Sultan and turning him into a legal fiction." Mercifully, he died before he saw his plan executed!

One thing remains to be said. To the casual reader, especially to the foreigner, this book, as a whole, might seem to imply that in preaching these doctrines William Cory was unique among British schoolmasters of his time. Such a view is false. What is remarkable in William Cory, as has been suggested, is that he kept up his personal intimacy with old pupils after they had entered political life, and debated with them actual practical problems of statesmanship which confronted them. But it must not be forgotten that what he preached so effectively was only a particular version of doctrines which were being inculcated in all the public schools of England in Victorian days. The proof of that assertion is this, that one can find much of what William Cory wrote in these letters either expressed or clearly implied in the work of great men, writers or statesmen, bred in other schools, to whom he was only a name. His imperialism has much in common with the imperialism of Kipling; his love of "England's war" is echoed throughout Newbolt's

verse, and that is why Newbolt could write that splendid epitaph on him. The real interest and importance of this book consist not so much in the fact that the Earl of Rosebery and Earl Balfour and others were friends and admirers of William Cory, as that he, a schoolmaster, gives expression full, vigorous and clear to those beliefs which once informed the British public schools and produced that great epoch of our history which we call the Victorian Age.

F. R. G. D.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Reference is made in this column to all books received and does not, of course, preclude the publication of a further notice in COUNTRY LIFE.)

THE DIARY OF LADY ANNE CLIFFORD (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), that redoubtable dame who filled a chapter in Miss V. Sackville-West's "Knole and the Sackvilles," has appeared during the week. With its mingling of big affairs and small, interviews with the King and accounts of new dresses and complete ablutions—evidently somewhat rare occurrences—these confessions of a great lady of the seventeenth century are very well worth having, and we owe Miss V. Sackville-West our thanks for having given them to us. Another book which contains—as it were by the by—its share of reminiscence is *Floreat: An Eton Anthology* (Nisbet, 12s. 6d.), compiled by Mr. Eric Parker. *Letters of an Unsuccessful Actor* (Palmer, 12s. 6d.) are certain of attracting attention, for their title is intriguing, as is that Mr. Ernest Smith has given to his account of journalistic work in many cities and countries, *Fields of Adventure* (Hutchinson, 18s.). Mr. Richard King's *Folded Hands* (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) is devoted to studies of everyday personalities; and, on the contrary, Sir John Hall, in *The Bravo Mystery and Other Cases* (Lane, 12s. 6d.), tells the history of five mysteries of crime such as he excels in recounting.

Travel books include Major Rayne's *The Ivory Traders* (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.); *Under the Southern Cross* (Palmer, 12s. 6d.), by Mr. Horace Leaf, a book, with the blessing of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle upon it, telling the author's experiences of the occult in Australia and New Zealand; *Casual Wanderings in Ecuador* (Long, 12s. 6d.), by Mr. Blair Niles, fully illustrated; *By Camel and Car to the Peacock Throne* (Long, 15s.), also illustrated from photographs, by Mr. E. Alexander Powell; *Understanding Italy* (at the same price from the same publisher) which aims at giving a *resumé* of Italian thought, commerce and politics almost beyond the scope of a book of travel, is by Mr. Clayton Sedgwick Cooper; and *The Lure of the Riviera* (Mills and Boon, 5s.), is by Miss Frances M. Gostling, the latest addition to an attractive series of super-guides.

Two important books on horticultural subjects, *Rhododendrons, Their Names and Addresses* (Sifton Praed, £1 1s.), by E. H. Wilding; and *The Handbook of Coniferae* (Arnold, £2 2s.), by W. Dallimore and A. Bruce Jackson—naturally suggest each other. In *The Animal Kingdom* (Sheldon Press, 6s.) Professor J. Stuart Thomson reprints a series of lectures given at Manchester University; *Everyone's Book of the Weather* (Sheldon Press, 2s. 6d.), by A. Françon Williams, is a popular treatise on meteorology; and *Drink in 1914-1922* (Longman's, 10s. 6d.), by Dr. Arthur Shadwell, an enquiry into the operation of Prohibition. Another very interesting volume is *The Bearing of Coat-Armour by Ladies* (Murray, 12s.), by Mr. Charles A. H. Franklin; *Outdoor Photography* (Macmillan, 4s. 6d.) is by Mr. Julian A. Dimock, a very useful little treatise.

A new tale of two cities (Lane, 6s.) is the title Mr. James Milne has given to his reflections on the optimism of war and the pessimism of peace. *All the Year Round* (Collins, 5s.) contains poems by Miss Eleanor Farjeon, arranged on the lines that the name of her little book suggests; and there is also Mr. J. F. Symonds Jeune's translation, *Some Poems from Catullus* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), in a limited edition.

A new volume of short stories by Mr. J. D. Beresford, *The Imperturbable Duchess and Other Stories* (Collins, 7s. 6d.), is among the week's fiction; and there is *The Richest Man* (Collins, 7s. 6d.), by Mr. Edward Shanks, as well, but he has confessedly given way to an attack of melodrama, as the coloured "jacket" of his volume suggests. *The Path to the Sun* (Hutchinson 7s. 6d.) is a really interesting story by Miss Netta Syrett, of the rebellious daughter of a "high-brow" family. *La Bodega* (T. Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.), by Vicente Blasco Ibañez, a novel which deals with the Spanish wine trade. The scene of *The Drums of Doom* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), by Mr. Robert Wells Ritchie, is laid in Mexico. Mr. Fred White has a new 7s. 6d. novel appearing with Mr. John Long, *A Deal in Letters*; and from the same publisher at that price come *The Brown Book*, by J. B. Harris-Burland; *The Missing Million*, by Mr. Edgar Wallace; and *There Was a Veil*, by Mrs. Emmeline Morrison. Two new 7s. 6d. novels of considerable promise are from Messrs. Heinemann—*The Ladies of Lyndon*, by Miss Margaret Kennedy; and *Jane—Our Stranger*, by Miss Mary Bordenj. while Mr. John Lane offers for our delight *The Spell of Siris*, by Miss Muriel Hine; and *The Abbey Court Murder*, by Miss Annie Haynes. *The Evil Vineyard* (Putnam's, 6s.) is by Miss Marie Hay.

Baily's Hunting Directory, 1923-24 (Vinton, 10s. 6d. and 15s.), a manual which no one who takes an interest in hunting can afford to do without, is just published; and so is the useful *Hunting Diary and Guide*, 1923-24, which Messrs. Vaughan produce at 3s. 6d. *The Hibbert Journal* for October (Williams and Norgate, 3s. 6d.), and *The Cornhill Magazine* for December, and the Christmas Numbers of *The Sketch* (2s.), a riot of colour and gaiety, and of the always welcome *Illustrated London News* (2s.), as good as ever, brings the tale of the day's books to its conclusion.

S.

THE "FORWARD" SEAT

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL M. F. McTAGGART.

ARGUMENTS about the so-called "novel" form of riding have now been pleaded and refuted for several years. We have its ardent supporters and its unbending opponents. Much ink has flowed and many a tongue has wagged with post-prandial eloquence in support of one side or other of the argument. And yet we still have those who are not convinced ready to take up the challenge against all and sundry who advocate a change in the historic art of horsemanship. So let us see if it is possible to put the case forward clearly for both sides, and so sum up the situation that it may be easier for the general riding public to formulate a decision for themselves.

As a great many people who are opposed to the innovation do not quite understand what is meant by the forward seat, it must be necessary to make this point quite clear before going on any further. The forward seat does not mean that the rider is to be hunched up on the horse's neck with his knees knocking his teeth down his throat, as undoubtedly some people believe. It means nothing more or less than the abolition of the practice of swinging the body back on landing over a fence. It is, perhaps, somewhat of a misnomer to call it the forward seat. It could be better expressed as the balanced seat. Its advocates desire nothing more than that the body of the rider should be in a state of equipoise from the moment the horse takes off to the moment he lands. As the question is one of dynamics, it must be apparent to anyone who has even an elementary knowledge of this branch of mathematics that in order to overcome the force of propulsion a balance in motion can only be attained by proportionately throwing the weight in front of the statical balance. For example, when standing upright in the Tube we are in perfect equipoise as long as the train is stationary, but if we wish to remain balanced as the train starts to move we find we have to lean forward in exact proportion to the propelling power of the motor. The next point which we must make clear before going on is that this question of balance is based entirely on the axiom that the fulcrum is the foot—not the knee, as some riders are inclined to submit. The human frame was not intended to balance itself from the knees. Our framework is accurately worked out for the balance to be made, and only made, from the ball of the foot. So we can now make the postulate quite clear. When the forward seat is spoken of, it is the advocacy of balance from the foot throughout the parabola of the leap. We can now start to examine the contentions which are constantly raised in its disfavour. Some, wishing to avoid the pitfalls of reasoned argument and hoping

by a thrust from an unexpected quarter to silence opposition, point out that as Fred Archer, Bay Middleton, Tom Firr and other well known riders of the past were able to perform such prodigies when using the old-fashioned seat, any change would appear to be not only unnecessary but immodest. To these there can be but one answer: the part of *Laudator temporis acti* can be carried so far that all progress or improvement becomes abhorrent.

A very large number of people think it is not only very uncomfortable landing in this way, but it is positively dangerous, especially if the horse pecks or there is a drop fence. This is a point much more worth discussing than the previous one, and we will go into it as fully as possible.

Firstly, let us visualise what happens to the rider whose body is back when his horse pecks. As the peck takes place the rider should naturally lean further back still, so as to overcome the jar of impact if he can. If he does, let us see what happens. He must let the reins slip through his fingers, so that at the very moment when the horse requires collecting the rider is incapable of doing so and cannot, in fact, do anything until he has gathered his reins up again. He has, by leaning back, placed weight upon the loins, which is the one part that should be free of any pressure, particularly at this juncture. So that, as far as the horse is concerned, he is making two faults. He cannot collect him or help him with the reins, and he is inconveniencing him with his weight being in the wrong place. So much for the horse. Now how about the rider? His body was back during the downward portion of the parabola. As he lands the body goes further back, and if the fulcrum be taken from the foot he is entirely unbalanced. But if we take it from the seat bones, the tendency would be for the body to strike the saddle on impact with some force. Good riders are able to counteract this tendency by absorbing the shock to a certain extent in the muscles of the knee, but the majority, not so adroit, take it on the stirrup irons—and a very serious strain it is. Before leaving this point it may be of interest to know how and why it is so many leathers break in racing and in point-to-points, etc., and why old racing hands are so anxious to see that they are new or nearly new before starting. The reason is nothing less than the jar the rider gives to them when landing over his fences with his body back. The strain is very great. It has been worked out that it is from three to five times the weight of the rider, and varies not as the rider but as the horse! A heavy horse causes a greater strain upon the leathers than a lighter one. This is a serious burden for the horse to take on his forelegs every time he lands over a fence, and the advocates

of the backward seat have a good deal to explain away to get over this point. Again, as the rider's body is back, he is incapable of getting it forward again until after the peck is over, and has, therefore, no control over his body at this moment. If, therefore, he peck develops into almost a fall, the position of the rider is perilous, and he is very frequently deposited, while the horse, at last relieved of the weight on the wrong place, recovers himself and goes on. I think this is a fair picture of the "backward" rider negotiating a fence when a peck takes place.

Now let us see how the "forward" seat man gets on. On landing, the horse has free loins and is therefore in a good position to recover himself. The rider has short reins, and as his body is balanced he has control of himself as well as his horse. He is in a position instantly to collect him and help him to his feet. The jar of impact is absorbed primarily in the muscles of the knee and ankle joints, and, secondly, by the hands which are then resting in the nape of the horse's neck. Any tendency that there may be to be pitched forward is with great ease counteracted by these methods. This position is one of great importance to a hunting man, because, should he land into bog or cart ruts or wish suddenly to avoid something hitherto unseen, he can do so in a way that would be utterly impossible with the backward seat. The next point that is raised is that the forward seat may be, and undoubtedly is, very excellent for the show ring, but it is quite out of place in either the hunting field or the steeplechase. The answer to this is that there can be but one right way. Three constants are to be found in all forms of horsemanship, no matter where we are or what we are doing. The three are (1) *The horse*, which is still a horse, whether he canters in the show ring, extends himself in the steeplechase or gallops in the hunting field. (2) *Gravitation*, which applies to all at all times without variation. (3) *Motion, propulsion or dynamics*, what you will. These laws must also be obeyed, always. These three are our constants, no matter what we are doing. The variation is only of degree. The horse goes faster or slower, jumps higher or shorter as may be, and what is right for the small jump must also be right in a greater degree for the big jump. There can be no alteration in fundamentals. Gravity is again degree. There is a greater force of impact over a big fence than over a small one, but the law is the same. Propulsion is a case of degree once more. There is more dynamic force when jumping a fence in a steeplechase than in the hunting field, but the difference is of degree alone. If, therefore, a principle has been found correct in one form of riding, it is correct for all. If we have discovered the right seat in the *manège*, then it is the right seat for all and every form of horsemanship whatever. It is said that it may be easy enough to sit a horse forward in the show ring, but to do it in the National is quite another story. This argument is like saying $2 \times 2 = 4$, but $2 \times 2 \times 2$ does not equal 8. But to answer this point more clearly I will point out that slow jumping is much more difficult than fast jumping. The most difficult feat of all is to keep one's balance when a horse jumps from a standstill. The faster the leap the easier it is.

Landing has already been dealt with. The jar is not so great for either horse or rider when the body is forward. But if the horse pitches on landing or does anything the rider does not expect, it must be remembered he is master of his fate and captain of his body (which the back rider is not), and he can lean back if he wishes. Not that it is to be recommended, but he at least does maintain his own volition. It should also be pointed out that, supposing English people cannot perform

this feat without danger of falling off, it is done, and has been done for years, on the Continent. It is no new "stunt" that is being advocated, it is quite as old as the century, if not older. The final argument is that it puts too great a strain upon the horse's fore legs. Let us examine this for a moment. This means that if a rider leans back, less of him reaches the ground than if he sits forward. If so, where! oh where! has the little bit gone? No, no. This argument is the final stand of the last ditcher, but it is no stronghold. If we weigh 11st. and jump up into the air off our feet, we will land, no matter in what position, with the weight on our feet of that 11st. plus the force of gravity. Nothing can make it more or less, try as we will. So it is in riding; and if the seat be forward, it cannot possibly be more than it would be if it were back. Should, however, the rider be left behind at all and comes down thump



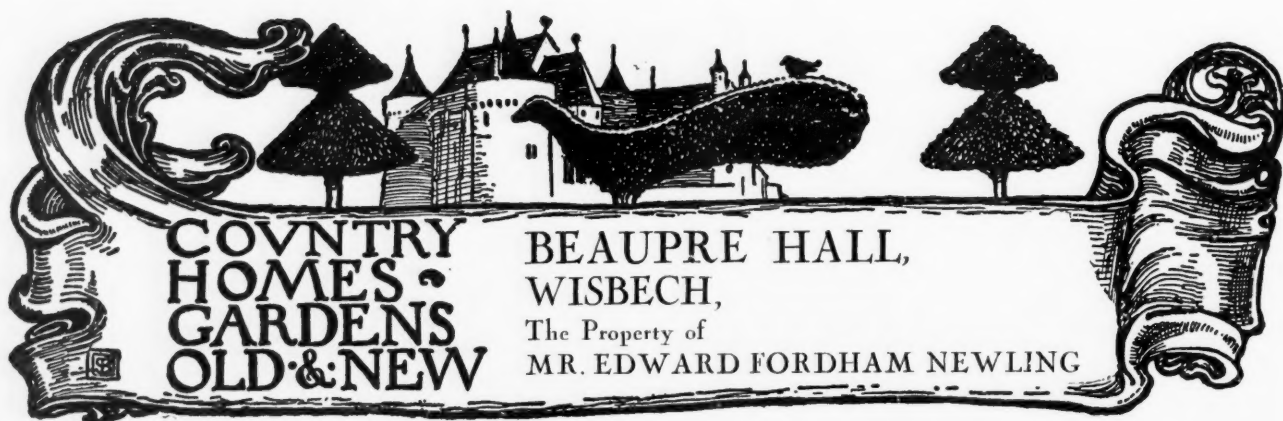
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BACK TO COVER: AT GARTREE HILL DURING A RUN WITH THE QUORN.

on the saddle or into the stirrups, then, indeed, it can be more, because the rider has jumped higher than the horse and has to come down further. So the advocates of the backward seat must be very cautious how they trot out this contention, as it quickly reacts upon them.

This concludes the arguments which have been used against this modern form of horsemanship. But paper alone has never gained a victory; cogency in argument often vexes rather than convinces. So we do not ask the hunting man who has ridden many years in the old way to change his habits. We can only suggest to the younger generation that, if they will try the method advocated, they will find they will get better enjoyment out of their day's hunting, with fewer falls and greater confidence. Also they will find that they are doing their horses a great service, which they will appreciate to the full. Remember, the golden rule for the leap is: head free and loins free.



LINCOLNSHIRE, Norfolk, Cambridge, Huntingdon and Northamptonshire join in a low country where boundaries may well get confused. The smooth dome of the heavens spans from flat horizon to flat horizon, reflected by endless intersecting dykes and winding rivers loitering in their slow course to the Wash. Many of the place names have still the half strange, half familiar sound of Norse words, brought when the long boats pushed up these same flat rivers to the island abbeys of Ely, Thorney, Ramsey and Peterborough.

Of such is Wisbech, brother of Wisby in Scandinavia; and, though the country is most frequently compared to Holland, with its lofty belfries and windmills, there yet hangs about it something of the air of Zeeland and Holstein. To-day it is one of the most prosperous, and therefore unsightly, agricultural districts in our land. The small-holders of Cambridgeshire and West Norfolk, with their rich fen soil and fruit trees, though few old tenures could be found among them, yet display what the English countryside was like when men lived by it, before the townspeople began to tend it into a garden. For, if Kent is the trim front garden of England—or park, if you prefer it—through which a visitor must pass and be duly impressed, this neighbourhood is the *potager*, where the smell of earth and growth and fruitfulness is never out of the wind. The small farmers gather on Saturdays in Wisbech for market, and, if they would celebrate a deal, can do so in the finest vintage port in England at the Rose and Crown. Indeed, it is difficult to know which is the most astonishing: the way the farmers of

Wisbech do business, or the wine list at the Rose and Crown. For they do not gather in the Corn Exchange or Market Place for the former, but on the bridge, where, on Saturdays, many have been killed, since motor traffic comes from miles around to cross the bridge. Though it is now an honest iron affair, with no convenient parapets or discreet bays where merchants may withdraw or dangle their feet, yet these men jostle in crowds upon its short extent, despite emphatic notices, "It is ABSOLUTELY PROHIBITED to stand on this bridge on Saturdays"—a prohibition not a little puzzling to the stranger who chances there on any other day. As to the wine list, the port part of it covers pages—literally pages; and the cellars of the Rose and Crown have unsuspected entries in the pavement of distant parts of the town. It is a building built upon port. Since Paul Methuen (of blessed memory) founded the greatness of the British Empire by his treaty with Portugal, the Rose and Crown has flourished. Its stout and leisurely balustraded stair leads to a great panelled room on the first floor, with jolly, scrolled overmantels and aquatints on the walls. And below is the shiny oak bar, and a stair down to those remarkable catacombs whence East Anglia is supplied (if it is wise) with port.

Few people wander either to or from Wisbech, though they would find all round it the openness and great churches of the Fens. But if such a one wandered to the south-east, he would find himself in company with a railway line following a dilatory river, the Well, never quite deserted by houses nor ever quite in a village. So he would come to Outwell and, if he still went on, to Upwell. To his left, just before Upwell





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2.—THE GATE-HOUSE AND PORCH BEYOND.

"COUNTRY LIFE,"



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3.—SIXTEENTH CENTURY FARM BUILDINGS, FROM THE FORECOURT.

"C.L."



Copyright.

4.—THE FRONT ASPECT AS IT IS TO-DAY, AND—

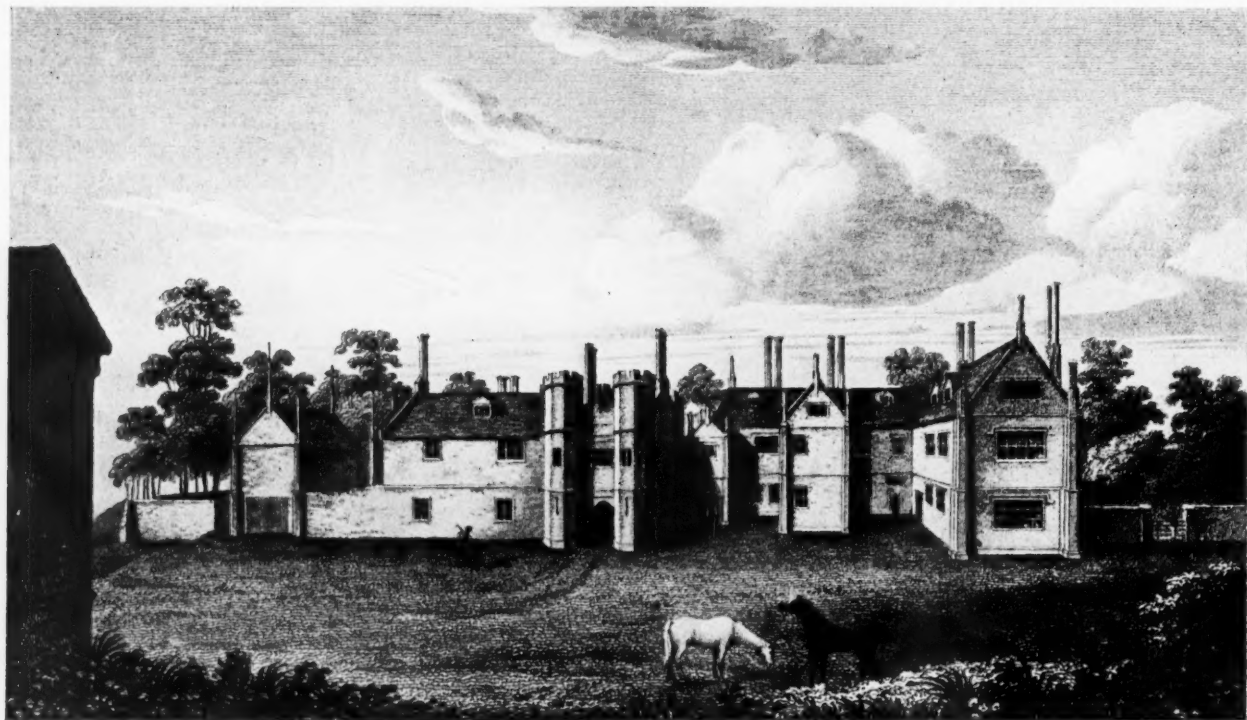
"COUNTRY LIFE."

and standing away from the road among some lonely trees, he would see the low, tumbled walls and massive towers of Beaupré. So a Norman from St. Omer, seeking a substitute for the smiling flats of the Yser, christened his domain, with Gallic grace, among the dull-sounding names of the Danes.

The Knight of St. Omer is duly entered upon the Roll of Battle Abbey, and his descendants lived here for some time, in their place of Beaupré, which is the same as Belper. Matthew Paris knew a Sir Hugh de St. Omer, and a John de St. Omer rose to literary fame by penning a counterblast to a monk of Peterborough who had sent forth, in King John's rude time, a lampoon against the people of Norfolk. And Sir Thomas de St. Omer was Keeper of the Wardrobe to King Henry III in the latter part of his reign. The monument of his son could be seen formerly in Mulbarton Church, on which a knight

and his lady were kneeling, on his vestments his arms: a fess between six cross-crosslets, and on the lady's those of Malmains: gules, three sinister hands coupé argent; beneath them the legend, "Priez pour les Almes de Thomæ Sentomaris et Dame Petronelli sa femme." He died without sons, and his daughter, Christian, married John, a great-great-grandson of one Senulph, who lived, as the "Visitation of Norfolk (1563)" records, "temp. Hen. II apud Lynn Episcopi." Their son John, *dictus quoque Beaupre in temp. Ed. II*, married Katharine, daughter of Osbert Mountford; but both died while their son Thomas was yet a babe, so left him in custody of Dame Christian, his grandmother, last of the St. Omers.

In the gorgeous heraldic glass which displays the matrimonial landmarks of the family history in the hall of Beaupré these events are recorded. We will refer to the panels by



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5.—AS IT WAS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the numbers one to fourteen. Panel 3 is the coat of John Beaupré; Beaupré (argent on a band azure three cross crosslets or) quartering St. Omer (azure a fess between six cross crosslets or), impaling Mountford of Feltwell, Norfolk (argent three fleurs-de-lis gules).

Thomas, subsequently knighted by Edward III, in the twentieth year of whose reign he came of age, married Joan Holbeache, and died *temp.* Richard II; his arms are not shown. The next that do appear are those of his grandson Thomas, who, about 1434, married Margaret, daughter of John Meeres of Houghton, Lincs, whose arms (gules a fess between three water bougets erminy) impales Beaupré in 1. He died in 1471, but had previously married a second wife, Margaret Mundeford, to whom 3 also refers. His grandson Nicolas achieved the most important match of the whole line and brought a feast of colour into the Beaupré coat. For, in 1493, he married Margaret, coheiress of Thomas Fodringaye, Lord of Southacre, Alderford and Dorwards Hall, in Bocking, Essex. His achievement (as the heralds still call the record of such matrimonial successes) is shown in 2, 5 and 14, his wife's father's arms in the sixth panel. The arms of Fodringaye are given in the "Visitation of Essex, 1558," and, with the exception of Thursby, which was a subsequent match, they are identical with those preserved here—namely (as in 6, supplemented where defective, from 14), i and vii Fodringaye (sable a cross indented argent); ii and vi, Baulney (gules an eagle displayed azure in a border or); [N.B.—This coat has got wrong; it is the arms of Lyndsey, but undoubtedly represents Baulney, which should be argent, an eagle displayed azure, membered or.] iii and x, Durward of Dorwards Hall (ermine on a chevron sable three crescents or); iv and viii, Coggeshall of Essex (sable a cross between four escallops argent—the tinctures have got transposed); v and ix, Harsyck of Norfolk (or a chief indented sable). The arms of Coggeshall fill 7 and Fodringaye 8, while the coat of Edmund Beaupré, son of Nicolas and Margaret Fodringaye, his wife, fill 4 and 12.

Nicolas may be presumed to have lived until 1540 or 1550, when Edmund, who had married, *circa* 1540, Margaret, daughter of Sir John Wiseman, succeeded him. He married, secondly, Katharine, daughter of Philip Bedingfield of the great house of Oxburgh in Norfolk; and died in 1567, without male heirs, so that Beaupré passed with his daughter Dorothy to Sir Robert Bell,



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6.—THE SOUTH ANGLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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7.—THE GARDEN FRONT.

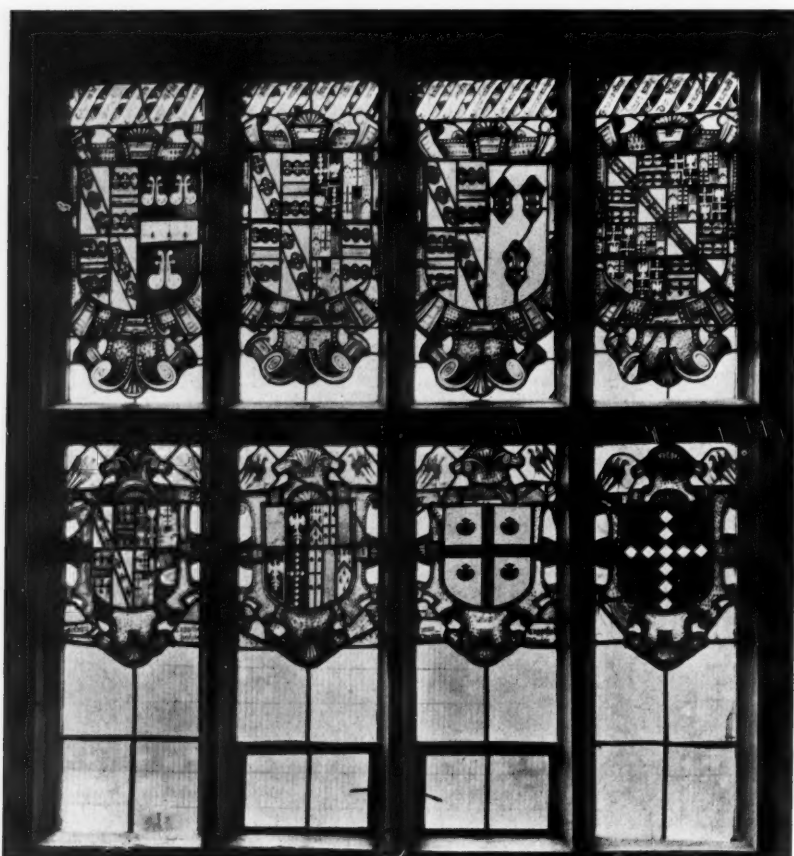
"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

8.—TUDOR AND JACOBAN BRICKWORK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

9.—TOP ROW, PANELS 1-4; BOTTOM, 5-8.

"C.L."



Copyright.

10.—TOP ROW, PANELS 9-11; BOTTOM, 12-14.

"C.L."

whom she had married in 1559. Bell was Speaker of the House of Commons in 1563, and subsequently Chief Baron of the Exchequer, dying "of a pestilential vapour at Oxford Assizes, which destroyed also the High Sheriff, most of the grand jury and above 300 more" in 1577, as is recorded in 9 and 10.

Having thus peopled, up to a certain point, the old building with its successive owners, we may look upon the rambling red brick pile as it stands, backed by trees, upon the fen. For 200 years it has been gradually falling to decay, till less than half of it remains inhabited. We are fortunate to have so much; for the neighbourhood, once containing many mansions of the middle of the sixteenth century, with smaller manor houses of its later years, is now practically destitute of them. The eighteenth century, which produced, in more favoured districts, the great estates and the rich city men who contrived properties in between, making seats out of the manor houses, here saw a reverse process. Landlords rich enough to be independent of the land, or having estates elsewhere, left the neighbourhood and pulled down their houses; or, dying out in the ordinary way, none took their places. At the same time, the land was rich enough to repay even small farming, even more so the other side of Wisbech towards Holbeach and Boston, where Cobbett found some of his best audiences.

The decline of Beaupré took place early in the eighteenth century, when the great-great-grandson of Sir Robert Bell, Beaupré Bell, lived there. He had, we learn, many singularities, hardly allowing his son necessities, and suffering his house to be much dilapidated. He had five hundred horses of his own breeding, many above thirty years old, unbroken, which he allowed to come even into the very hall, then uncovered. He seems to have been the kind of man Macaulay adopted as the type of English squire in the late seventeenth century.

An engraving of the hall before dilapidation shows a tall gable with flanking finials on the right, the remains of which are clearly seen in Fig. 5. This great gable was still standing till a few years ago, when it had to be taken down to avoid accidents. The wing behind it, and the range in prolongation of the backbone of the house, connecting it with the present hall, disappeared in the eighteenth century. Thus, the original plan consisted of a range running the whole length of the building, from south-west to north-east, projecting a considerable distance at its north-eastern end. A turreted gate-house, very like that at Giffords Hall—but, to my mind, somewhat later in date—stands in front, and approximately in the middle of this front, with a block of buildings abutting on to its south-western side and joined by a range one room thick (plus

HERALDIC GLASS, 1570-80.

1. Arms of Thomas Beaupré, died 1471: Beaupré impaling Meeres.
2. Of Nicolas Beaupré: Beaupré impaling Fodringaye.
3. Of John Beaupré, *temp.* Ed. II: Beaupré impaling Mountford.
4. Of Edmund Beaupré, died 1567: Bell quartering Fodringaye.
5. Of Nicolas Beaupré, died *c.* 1540: Beaupré impaling Fodringaye.
6. Of Thomas Fodringaye.
7. Coggeshall.
8. Fodringaye.
9. Of Bell.
10. Of Sir Robert Bell, died 1577.
11. Bell impaling Harrington. (?)
12. Same as 4.
13. Of Sir Edmund Bell, *c.* 1600: Bell quartering Beaupré.
14. Same as 2 and 5.

a later passage) to the main block. At the south-west corner of the edifice is an isolated building, probably a dovecote originally, of red brick and quite charming proportions; and to the west a wing runs out at an obtuse angle to the main building, which it connected with the chapel, now fallen completely into ruin. Two courts are formed by walls joining up the various buildings in advance of the main façade. And a few yards to the south of the house itself, still stand some contemporary farm buildings, with fine moulded brick strings and crow-stepped gables.

The existing buildings of the hall show signs of having been built at several dates during the course of the sixteenth century, interior decoration of the late sixteenth century, some late seventeenth century work, and extensive patching and lopping about 1750. Turning to the pedigree, we see that the family considered itself elevated by the Fodringaye match in 1493, and was, possibly, enriched. If any building was done at that time, none has recognisably survived, nor have any indications of the earlier hall of the Beauprés.

The earliest buildings are, no doubt, those lying at the south-west end of the range, coloured black on the plan, and these one is inclined to attribute to the early years of the sixteenth century. The semi-Gothic spirelets which adorn the angles of this part of the house were used all through the century with little change, but these show a not distant descent from the little turrets of East Barsham. The gate-house, though built on an old model, seems to be of the third decade of the sixteenth century; its turrets are mere semicircular screens (Fig. 11), and there is a room over the gate with a late Elizabethan chimney-piece, probably of the same date as the external chimney-stack. This latter, however, would scarcely have been built of such massive proportions to serve one solitary hearth; rather, a timber range here formed the south-east side of the courtyard, and this great chimney served for its hearths as well.



Copyright.

11.—THE "TURRETS" OF THE GATE-HOUSE.

"C.L."

All this time the old hall of the Beauprés may be presumed to have been standing, more or less on the site of the present hall. Edmund Beaupré, son of the Fodringaye match, will probably have been the builder of the gate-house, as he must have succeeded to the property about 1530. But in 1567 he died, and Sir Robert Bell, a man of no little standing, succeeded to the property, and found, if our assumptions hitherto are at all correct, new buildings to the south-west and west, a new gate-house, and the body of the old house. This last he demolished, and built from the screens of the hall north-east and eastwards. He erected a porch each side of his hall in the approved style; while the dais end was illumined, on the entrance front, by a bay. The hall was, however, only of one storey. Beyond it, in the vanished east wing, were, no doubt, the living-rooms.

The heraldic glass in the present hall, of admirable colour and wonderfully well preserved, is obviously not in its original position, as the chief windows of the hall (which, doubtless, it formerly adorned) are those of the present drawing-room or have disappeared. Moreover, it seems to be of two slightly different periods. The Beaupré panels are all larger than those of Bell, and are surrounded by similar cartouche work which one connects with the fifteen-seventies. This would most likely be the approximate date of the hall's completion by Sir Robert Bell, and may have been the outcome of the "Heralds' Visitation" in 1563. The Bell glass, among it 11—Bell impaling Harrington (a connection that I cannot account for)—is evidently subsequent to 1577, as it commemorates that year, when Sir Robert died suddenly. The mantling of 10 is an admirable piece of drawing and akin to the carved wood representation of the Bell shield over the drawing-room chimney-piece (Fig. 12). This room contains remnants of a cornice of about 1600, set below the dentil course put up when the house was restored circa 1750.

Sir Robert may also be responsible for the little dovecote (Figs. 6 and 8), with its finials, to which those on the porch and the east gable would have been similar. He, too, or his immediate successor, Sir Edmund Bell, will have rebuilt the block abutting on to the tower to the south-west and connected up with the main range. A room on the first floor of this outlying block contains late sixteenth century panelling.

On the death of old Beaupré Bell, circa 1730, he was succeeded by a son, his very opposite in demeanour. Gentle, studious and consumptive, Beaupré Bell junior was an ornament of Westminster and Trinity, Cambridge, where he soon became devoted to antiquities. In the minutes of the Spalding Society (one of the earliest provincial societies modelled on the Royal Society), which are contained in Vol. III of Nichols' "Biblioteca Topographica Britannica," 1790, he is noted as contributing papers, and many rather pathetic letters are given (for the young man had only just left Cambridge) from him to musty old antiquaries like Gale, Gough, Stukeley, Blomfield and the rest—great men, to whom we owe a real and tremendous debt, but scarcely the correspondents for a young man, particularly as he writes about Roman coins, for which he had a morbid passion.



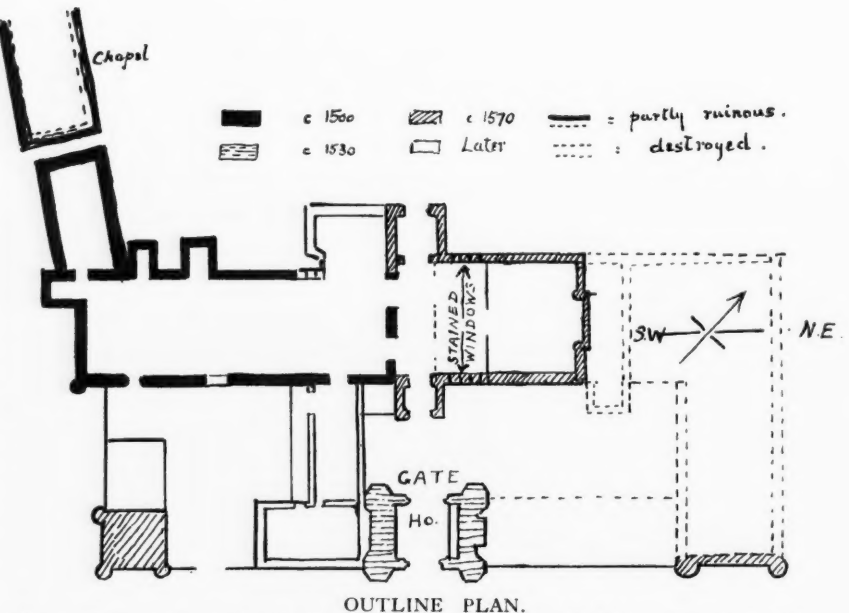
Copyright. 12.—A LATE ELIZABETHAN OVERMANTEL.

"C.L."

On his death on the road to Bath in 1741, his sister, who had married a Mr. Greaves, succeeded. This couple did what they could to stay the ruin consequent on old Beaupré's "singularities," and to them we owe such treasures as the heraldic glass and what remains of the splendid brickwork of the walls.

Their descendants continued here until Mr. Newling purchased the old hall from them some forty years ago, since when he has coped gallantly with the advancing decay of walls and roofs. The remaining ruins of the south-east wing had to be taken down, and the very large area of roof, most of which is stone slated, is in continual need of attention. There is a stock of such slates at hand, but, unfortunately, the roof is not the only part that needs attention. No one but a very wealthy man could avert the fate of Beaupré sooner or later becoming a farmhouse, then cottages, and, lastly, a complete ruin.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.



OUTLINE PLAN.

NOTE.—The north-east end wall that now terminates the house was built c. 1750, and not as shown.

A DREADFUL RECKONING

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

IT is a commonplace of those who preach to us, with much justification, the importance of putting, that we play more strokes with a putter than any other club. We often play something approaching 50 per cent. of our total number of shots with it, for a round of eighty may very well contain thirty-six strokes on the green. The percentage decreases, no doubt, in the case of those who find great difficulty in reaching the green at all, but it remains a very considerable one. Yet, among the many players who count, more or less mendaciously, their total score there are comparatively few who make a separate reckoning of the putts. Nevertheless, to do so would often be good discipline.

The other day I took it into my head to do so after a round. I suppose I should not have done so if I had not been putting well; but, even so, the number rather surprised me. It was so unexpectedly low that I will not mention it lest I appear boastful. My self-satisfaction was, however, perceptibly diminished later on. I remembered three instances in which I had played a notably short or crooked approach shot, so that my ball was on the outskirts of the green and not where it ought to have been, namely, on it. In each case I had succeeded in laying a chip dead and holing the short putt. Hence my bad iron play had contributed to my good putting record. If I had played three better approach shots my total number of putts would, in all human probability, have been three higher than it was. That was a mortifying reflection. Perhaps it would have been wiser to say that all was well that ended well, but I was, for once, an honest critic of myself. I remembered a story of the illustrious "W. G." Gloucestershire had been in grave peril through a missed catch, and the Doctor himself had rescued his side by a characteristic effort. When the match was safely won the criminal of the catch apologised for his error, and his captain replied, "What I say is that we never hadn't ought to have been put to it." Is it not easy to imagine him saying it? And how one wishes one could hear him say it now! I thought, too, of the story of a famous old foursome at St. Andrews, in which Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Hay and Mr. George Condie, representing the new players, beat Sir David Baird and Mr. Goddard, of the older school. The younger men won the match at the last hole, and Mr. Condie's father said to him, "Ah, George, you should never have left your partner a downhill putt to finish the match." That is the proper spirit in which to examine our tally of putts. It does seem that, in a sense, the weaker our approaching the easier it is for us to take few putts. Nevertheless, for those of us who have the strength of mind to do so conscientiously, the statistics obtained may be useful in showing us how we are wasting shots on the putting green.

There is, however, another form of statistics that I believe would be much more useful as casting a lurid light on our

weaknesses. We ought to count, if we dare, how many times we are short and how many times up with our approaches. Mr. Hilton has given somewhere an illuminating account of applying this test to a round of J. H. Taylor's, and he found, if I remember rightly, that only on one single occasion was he short. Now, I am prepared to show myself up thoroughly for the public weal. I have tried this test on myself in the very same round in which I counted my putts and the result was a horrid shock. The round was at Mid-Surrey, and for the sake of scientific truth I will add that I was playing what I thought well. I won my two enemies' half-crowns quite easily and went round in 75, and that with two sixes, one of them a quite needless one. Moreover, there had been a frost at night and the ground was, consequently, not in its easiest condition. And now, after this preliminary explanation, for my statistics. At only one hole did my approach shot finish genuinely past the pin. In two cases it ended approximately level with it. At thirteen holes I was short. That accounts for sixteen iron shots. At one of the other two holes I was bunkered with a brassy shot in front of the green. The other was a one-shot hole where I took a wooden club and was past the hole.

Now is not that a sorry record? I might to some extent palliate the offence. I might say that in two cases I was only a few feet short and holed the ensuing putt for a three. Again, once or twice I held a winning advantage and was taking no risks. The ground was, as I said before, a little sticky and treacherous; but, after all, I knew that, and ought to have hit the more firmly. No, there is really no excuse. The stark fact remains that at thirteen holes out of eighteen, making the best case I can for him, a player who was producing apparently decent results, was guilty of the miserable weakness of being short.

Being short comes sometimes from under-clubbing oneself, either wilfully or out of ignorance. In this case I can only remember one hole at which the criminal deliberately took the smaller of two clubs, on grounds of caution. At all the others he took the right club, for he certainly cannot plead ignorance of the Old Deer Park, and did not hit hard enough with it. It was pure pusillanimity, and nothing else.

I believe that if a great many other people would thus cross-examine themselves after the round, they would find that they were not much less black than him whom I have thus held up to public scorn. The question is, what to do about it. I can think of nothing save to clench the teeth and make a tremendous vow to bear in mind a remark of Jamie Anderson's, which Mr. Hutchinson quoted years ago. "I always play to get into the hole as soon as I am in reach of it with any club." Perhaps, if I try very hard, I may some day get into a bunker beyond the green. And then, I suppose, I shall be quite cross about it!

STEPPING INTO THE GARDEN

By H. AVRAY TIPPING.

OUR attitude towards flowers is distant as the Poles from that of our eighteenth century forebears. The "Landscape" school of gardening sought a complete divorce between house and horticulture. What they deemed to be "nature" was brought right up to the walls of the former, and the latter was hidden away at a distance. Such a view is almost inconceivable to our own generation, which insists on walking straight out on to flowers. And two well founded basic principles convince us that we are right. In the first place, plant cultivation is now placed in the first rank of the joys of country life. We want to see flowers, in some profusion and at all possible seasons, from our windows. We want to be intimate with them—through touch and smell as well as sight—from open casement and from door-step. In the second place, we feel that there should be a *liaison* area between the house, essentially the work of man, and the landscape, essentially the work of Nature. The straight, rectangular lines of architecture should die gradually into the curves and swells of mother earth. A measure of geometrical gardening, related to the house design, a schemed planting of house border and terrace bed, analogous to the decorative spirit of the rooms, should afford, to the educated sense of fitness, a bridge across the chasm that lies between the artificial and the wild.

Just how to treat the immediate environment of the habitation is, therefore, a question of importance to be answered in principle by a few general rules, but in detail by manifold suggestion arising out of the infinite variety of site, scale and circumstance. Such work is not to be performed in the drawing office, but on the spot, where alone the mind can be impregnated with local colouring and become responsive to the subtle individuality of the environment. It is not, therefore, from generalities

but from a concrete instance that we will seek to advance our insight of the subject.

We find ourselves on a much wooded, very broken, rock set and rapidly sloping hillside, with a middle distance of timbered knolls and spurs framing a distant plain and still more distant mountainous region. The hillside faces west, and from 200ft. below, yet almost within a stone's throw, rise the murmur and cadence of the ripple and rush of a cascading brook. Behind, the hill rises another 100ft. and forms a protective rampart where heath and bracken, thorn bush and oak scrub contest the surface with giant boulders. Here is a region where nature has sculptured the earth's crust with Rodin-like bigness and strength. How shall man effectively and without jarring note set his Lilliputian work within this realm of Brobdingnag? How shall he enter into partnership with Nature and not antagonise her? That was the spirit in which was approached the task of setting, without offence, a modest dwelling on this

choice spot—with what measure of success or failure the illustrations are some aid in forming a judgment. The stone of the country—the rock and boulder that peep through or strew the ground—is the main material, with nothing finicking in either size or dressing. As here it occurs in block and there in laminating strata, it is equally applicable for walling, coping and paving. A 40ft. wide strip of slope, west of the house, affords space for two terraces with retaining walls (Fig. 2). Beyond this a fairly level but rather cupped space suggested grass sloping towards and half encircling a paved octagon framing a pool. To such simple forms and small compass formality is restricted, and even here it is mitigated. The first terrace is retained by a mortared wall, but the second, which closely associates with natural ground and woodland, has a dry wall with pronounced batter, but with



1.—LOOKING NORTH ACROSS THE TERRACES.



2.—THE ASCENT FROM LILY POOL TO HOUSE.



3.—THE LOGGIA, OPENING ON TO THE UPPER TERRACE.

architectural form hinted at by masonried piers (Fig. 4). At this point the formal element prepares for its imminent end by restraining itself to a non-parapeted flight of steps leading down to the octagon and merely cutting through the grass slope that retains much of the natural wave, the upcrop of rock and the woodland sense given by the far-spreading oak and dotted hazel (Fig. 1). The whole of this formal and half-formal area set against and associated with the west side of the house is included within a square of about rooff. But it is capable of much floral incident, and that begins at the first step down from the loggia (Fig. 3). Let it be remembered that the whole place is new and unfinished. The border against the house was only made and planted in the late spring, but the illustration represents its last autumnal floral phase, just before the November frosts and storms wrought havoc. Until they came, the singularly tempestuous October of frequent gales and persistent rain had neither shattered nor drowned the plants. Every one of the thousand heads of mignonette that swell out over the pavement and fill the air with scent stands shapely and erect. Behind, and resting on them in their forward bend to the light, are bold heads of *Sedum spectabile* still showing pink in their blooms. Lilac grey erigerons mix with them, and here and there tall stems of monkshood or of chrysanthemum rise to a height which has exposed them to rather deleterious buffeting. These show in the



4.—THE RETAINING WALL OF THE LOWER TERRACE.

foreground of the picture, but beyond, on the same side, and, again, along the whole length of the outward border of this terrace, there is a throng of pink snapdragons set among blue dwarf asters—*Amellus* and *Thompsoni*—those children of late summer that are thus playing gaily right up to the entry of winter. Less flower, indeed, but shapely vigour and prosperity are seen on either side of the paved way that runs along the second terrace (Fig. 5). To the left the sheltered bays are mainly set with shrubs of some delicacy and reserve, such as cistuses and veronicas, fuchsias and hypericums. Of these only the cistuses are quite flowerless. The fuchsias are in full bloom, and between them come the veronicas and hypericums. Among the shrubs are some chrysanthemums and *Lavatera Olbia* adding to the late display. On the other side height and form are given by the leafage of irises and antholyzas, among which lean the flower stems of erigerons and of potentillas, while orange splashes are given by *Cheiranthus Allionii*, which the removal of seed heads has persuaded into continual blooming,

as is also the case with *Lupinus polyphyllus*. Thus November begins. It ends with a general cutting down and tidying in preparation for the upspringing of the first bulbs and the early spring bloomers. But during the short period of sleep, there is still tone given by grass and moss and evergreen, and form by the lay-out of wall and step, paved walk



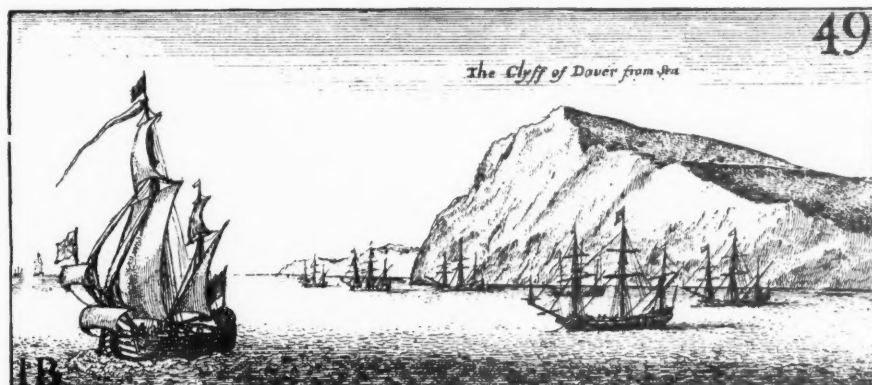
5.—LOOKING SOUTH ALONG THE LOWER TERRACE.

and pool, heightened by shrub and persistent leaf, so that even in winter this dab of artifice avoids the air of intrusion amid the shapely slopes, the richly modelled and many-hued trees of the woods, the green pastures and ruddy-brown ploughed fields, the ever changing distance, now obliterated by mist, now clear cut with snowy covering, now darkly outlined against the sunset glow. At all other seasons this reticent and

non-assertive link between house and landscape affords, from the first step out down to the octagon, a set of separate yet harmonious glimpses of plant life, in variety of species and setting, arresting attention and engaging the close vision. But it also forms the foreground and the frame of the distant pictures that meet the uplifted eye. It is, to use a homely Tudor phrase, "a goodly gardeyn to walk ynne."

ROMANCE OF TRAVEL

By DR. C. HAGBERG WRIGHT.



LEAVING DOVER HARBOUR: THE START FOR CALAIS.

MODERN travel began when printing began. The effect of the Renaissance was to make men restless and curious; everyone wanted to make some discovery or to do something new. Not a few of the pilgrims to the Holy Land set out on their long journey more to satisfy their longing for excitement than to gratify their religious enthusiasm. Wynkyn de Worde in his "Informacon for Pylgrymes unto the Holy Londe," 1498, probably the earliest printed handbook, is far more anxious to instruct the pilgrim how to proceed with the maximum degree of comfort and to give him advice what to take with him on the journey than to provide him with any spiritual encouragement. Erasmus, we know, severely reproached the bishops of his day for their love of pilgrimage, attributing their passion for change to worldliness and to indifference to the duties of their calling.

The output of books on travel and on the rules of travel is a convincing proof of the popularity of this new pursuit. A German, Jerome Turler, published in 1574 a book devoted to its "precepts," which was translated into English and issued in London in 1575, only a year after it came out in Germany, and is probably the first book of the sort issued in England, a remarkable testimony to the demand for this kind of work. Other authors on this absorbing subject followed: Zwinger, Stradling, Sir Thomas Palmer, William Bourne, the innkeeper of Gravesend, with his "Treasure for Travellers," 1578; and the list has grown longer and longer ever since.

The inducements to travel varied from time to time. In the beginning there was simply a vague desire to go from home and learn about other peoples and places. A little later, in Jacobean and Elizabethan days, the English traveller to the continent of Europe was moved by that same love of adventure that impelled sailors like Columbus and Drake to set sail on voyages of discovery. Travel was at first entirely confined to men of this spirit and mettle. Little by little, however, the advantages of travel began to be realised. Rumour brought back not only tales of learned Italian scholars who were expounding the new medicine and the re-found classics, but also stories of extraordinary natural phenomena. An odd scholar or two made his way across the Channel to stimulate his colleagues in Oxford and Cambridge, but in reality there was no need for much persuasion.

In the wake of the scholars went men like Sir Thomas Bodley (1545-1613), eager for travel "for the increase," as he wrote, "of my experience in the managing of affairs being wholly then addicted to employ myself and all my cares in the public service of the state" (Howard, "English Travellers"). After the older generation in the long succession of travellers, there naturally followed the younger, destined by their parents for the Diplomatic career. Some were entrusted to the care of an ambassador; others crossed the sea to "learn fashions," thinking that "the riding of five hundred miles, and the spending of 1,000 crowns would make 'em wiser than God meant to make 'em." Travelling became more and more popular, until in the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was considered necessary by every man of position to send his son abroad to complete his education.

The curiosity aroused by reports of exceptional natural phenomena was occasionally a special incentive to travel. Sebastian Münster (1489-1552), having read wonderful stories of a famous tree in Scotland, set out to examine the tree for himself. The tree was said to grow beside a lake or river bank. The branches were laden in summertime with large round fruits the size of a melon which, when ripe, fell into the water below. On reaching the water the shell broke, and a peculiar breed of goose emerged and began swimming about. Sebastian's desire to see this remarkable tree was natural enough. He therefore journeyed to Scotland, but wherever he arrived and whenever he enquired after the tree he was invariably told it grew farther north. The Scotsman must have laughed in his sleeve as the untiring Teuton continued going northward. He abandoned the hunt at last when he was informed that the tree grew and flourished in the Orkneys.

The discomforts which all these travellers endured would have damped the ardour of nearly every traveller to-day. What the scholar had to suffer we can gather from Erasmus's Life (1465-1526). He complains of the inns, of the food, of the smells and flies, and so forth. He even reminds one of the days during the war when no one was allowed to export specie. All poor Erasmus's cash was seized and confiscated at the Dover Custom House (c. 1498), and he was sent on absolutely penniless to Paris. But he was quick to

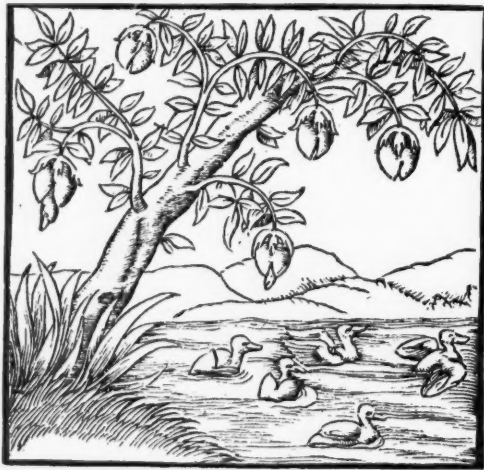


THE ARRIVAL AT OLD CALAIS HARBOUR.

forgive. He had, he said, "gained friends who are worth more to him than all the gold of Croesus." He was robbed; he lost his baggage. "The bag," he tells us, "fell off my saddle. It contained a shirt, a night cap, my prayer book and ten gold crowns." The same trials and the same discomforts then as now.

Of the two most prominent English travellers on the Continent in the early seventeenth century the one, Thomas Coryat (1577-1617), makes little or no allusion to this class of incident, while his contemporary, Fynes Moryson (1566-1630), revels in minute descriptions of the dress, of the food and of all kinds of circumstantial details relating to the countries through which he passes. To the innkeepers of Normandy he gives a special meed of praise, for they provided for him and his companions "cleane sheetes, drying them at the fier in their presence." Coryat, on the other hand, ignoring the part played by such details in social education, devotes himself to the history of the towns he lingers in, their churches, monuments and similar serious matters.

Yet another Continental traveller, Philip Thicknesse (1719-92), who traversed France and Spain during the closing years of the eighteenth century, presents an amusing contrast to his predecessors by seizing on every opportunity to eulogise the wines of France. Not content with dilating on their "bouquet" and the delicacy of their flavour, he affirms that such vintages



THE GOOSE TREE.

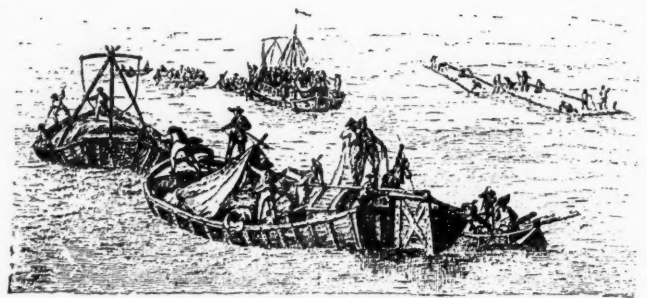
are "not only an excellent cordial to the nerves but contribute to health and long life."

To return, however, to Fynes Moryson and Thomas Coryat, the former, though lacking in literary graces, was a master of the art of travelling, and his *Itinerary*, published in 1611 and recently re-edited, contains excellent descriptions of the places he visited and many items of valuable information. There are, besides, accounts of bold and adventurous enterprises, how he disguised himself as a German and inspected a Spanish fort; how he assumed the character of a Frenchman and penetrated into the Jesuit College at Rome; and how, dressed as a peasant, he successfully evaded detection by a German robber band.

His trip through Europe was made at a time when the highways were infested with marauders and by mercenary soldiers let loose without pay on a peaceful population, and when the towns were harassed by the fanatical servants of the Inquisition ever on the prowl for some victim to martyrize. Howard, in his "English Travellers," tells the story of a party of soldiers stripping Moryson of everything he possessed, even "his inner doublet"; but he preserved himself from absolute want by concealing some gold crowns in a box of stinking ointment which the soldiers threw away in disgust. In spite of these privations and dangers, Moryson recommended travelling in his "Precepts for Travellers" and gave young men excellent hints on the precautions they should take on a journey, many of which hold good to-day. "Let him bolt or locke the doore of his chamber; let him lay his purse under his pillow but always



THE FRENCH PANNIER, OR LAND COACH: FACSIMILE, AFTER RIGAUD. EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY WATER COACH ON THE SEINE. AFTER PERRONET.

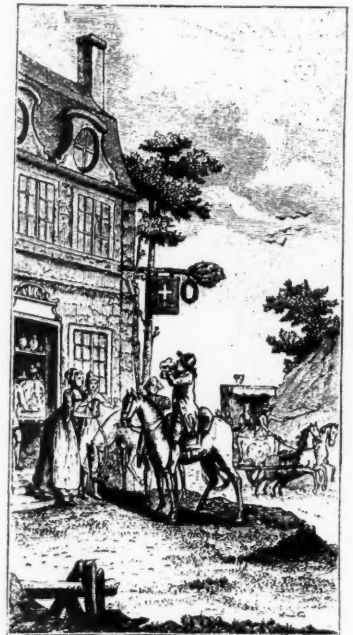
fouled with his garters lest he forget to put it up before hee goe out of his chamber."

If the dangers and inducements to travel have undergone change, the methods of travelling have undergone still greater. One might say that there were five ways of travelling in the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries—on foot, on horseback, by litter, by coach and by boat. Generally speaking, the pilgrim and the poor man used their legs, the rich man his horse or his carriage. Coryat, to whom we have alluded so often, started on foot and seems to have walked very leisurely at the rate of about two miles an hour. It took him eight hours to walk from Calais to Boulogne, a distance of about sixteen miles. When he reached Amiens he engaged a place in the public coach which was running, but even then his progress was slow, varying from three to four miles an hour. The coach was an innovation; it had only been introduced into France about thirty years before Coryat began to travel, while in England it seems to have been initiated a little earlier, and was, apparently, an import from Flanders. Its introduction met with opposition, and here and there a reigning duke issued a proclamation either to check or to prohibit its indiscriminate use as liable to encourage indolence and create effeminacy; but, like all innovations tending to provide mankind with greater ease, it overcame prejudice.

The horse was, of course, the traveller's natural friend and ally. It was customary to buy one after crossing the Channel or even to take one over. Arthur Young (1741-1820) did so in 1787, but it was always a little risky, for the sea was often rough and the accommodation on the packets was primitive. The crossing lasted much longer than it does to-day. Young took fourteen hours. His mare suffered so much that he tells us his journey was delayed through the necessity of resting her. The care of the horse as well as the dangers and trials of the road sorely tried the rider.

Erasmus more than once cursed "his folly for entrusting his life and his learning to a dumb beast," and more than once, when keen to continue his journey, either his horse had broken down or he was himself distracted by the pain of long riding. The lonely rider risked having his horse stolen from him even as he rode it. John Evelyn (1620-1706) tells us that he was a victim of such a theft at Gravesend even when approaching his home.

The pleasantest method was floating down the rivers, and, whenever possible, travellers preferred to hire boats even though there was an obligation on every traveller to lend a hand with an oar. Madame de Sevigny (1626-96) transferred her carriage on to the boat and sailed down the Loire, protected from the sun's rays by sitting in the carriage and turning it at night-time into her bedroom.

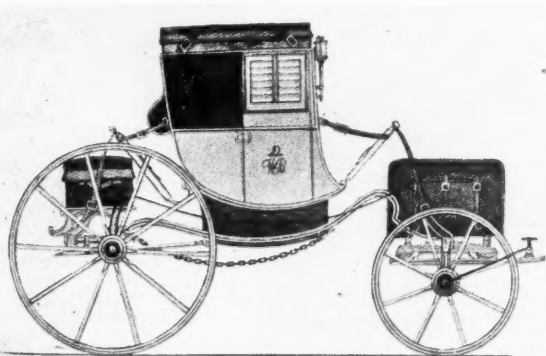


A WAYSIDE INN IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



L'HOSTEL GRAND MONARQUE, NEVERS

When the era of the Grand Tour at last dawned, progress had, fortunately, been made in the building of the carriage. Erasmus, years before, had complained bitterly of the incessant jolting which "shook his body to pieces." Pepys (1633-1703) now records the great event in the history of the carriage, namely, the invention of springs in 1665, when Colonel Blunt comes "in his new chariot made with springs and out drives any coach." This invention coincides with the Grand Tour. The age of adventure was over when Charles II came to the throne; the age of luxury and civility had begun. There was a general understanding that good manners were essential, and that, to obtain them, young men should be encouraged to travel. The English country gentleman had stayed at home too much. By common consent his manners were boorish. Evelyn deplored the "solitary and inactive lives of the English country gentleman." It was time for him to see other countries and other people and acquire the ways of civility. The young squire was no longer to be allowed to live idly on his father's estates or to live a gay life in London, but must go abroad to mix with strangers, to learn their customs, to observe their refinements, and to fit himself for public functions. The trend of public opinion was reflected in the literature. Of the many books issued we need only specify Lassels' "Advice to a young gentleman leaving the University," 1670, in which the term "Grand Tour" was



TRAVELLING POSTING CARRIAGE, 1750.

first used and in which travel as a form of education is recommended.

The Grand Tour was understood to mean a tour in Holland, France, Germany and Italy, though one or other of these countries was often left out. Paris was, of course, the first great halting place. The richer travellers hired or bought post chaises or other carriages as soon as they arrived on French soil, and seem sometimes to have taken them across the Channel.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century certain changes are to be observed in the mental attitude of the traveller. He appears more concerned to see sights than to associate with foreigners. Young Englishmen almost ceased to frequent the academies of Paris, which had been formerly regarded as admirable training schools in the art of fencing, in horsemanship and in social decorum. These things sufficed no longer for the rising generation and, moreover, it was now deemed inadvisable to allow growing boys to wander about foreign towns in unchecked liberty. The disastrous results periodically arising from such a custom finally induced parents who were in a position to send their sons abroad to appoint tutors and governors to accompany them. Men in a position of such authority required to be of proved ability, and on their wisdom and good counsel the success of the journey mainly depended. In a letter written by Lady Lowther in the seventeenth century to her son's tutor, she assures him of her full trust and confidence, and writes: "I submit him to your total management to make him tractable to you and laborious for his own advancement." (Howard.)

Two routes ran southward from Paris to Italy; one *via* Fontainebleau, Nevers, Moulins, Lyons and eastward over the Mont Cenis; the other *via* Dijon, Chalons and Lyons.

Arthur Young mentions that on one occasion he went direct from Nice to Milan, and that unusual starting point for Italy was also chosen by Lady Blessington, fifty years later, in the course of her Continental wanderings, when she and



"THE MACHINE," 1640-1750.

Lord Blessington journeyed *via* Marseilles, Toulon and Nice to Genoa.

In the various accounts that have come down to us of the Blessington *cortège* and the yet more amazing list of the travelling paraphernalia of Lord Byron, there is a quaint blending of magnificence and absurdity. Of Byron's equipage we are told that it included five carriages, seven servants, a number of cats, dogs, hens and pea fowl, besides a large library of books and a vast quantity of personal baggage. The Blessingtons, though less encumbered with livestock, took with them a *batterie de cuisine* which had served an entire club, and a chef in all respects master of the situation. In addition to a formidable retinue of servants, they were accompanied by Lady Blessington's younger sister and Mr. Charles Matthews, only son of the celebrated comedian. These and similar instances mark the grand climacteric of travelling by road, before the coming of the railways completely revolutionised European methods of progression.

Henceforward it might seem that the romance of travel was ended, and yet not so,

..... for all unseen,
Romance brought up the nine fifteen.

He who now goes forth to extend his knowledge, improve his bodily health or enjoy the novelty of foreign surroundings may still meet with mischances that, rightly considered, rank as adventures and incidents that serve in retrospect to enliven evenings at the fireside.

CORRESPONDENCE

CHIMNEYPICES AT ADMIRALTY HOUSE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Mr. Hussey's very interesting article, in the issue of COUNTRY LIFE for November 24th, describing the sumptuous furniture of the Admiralty House, Whitehall, having just met my eye, perhaps I can throw light upon the identity of the chimney-piece "brought from Lord Egremont's," which he has been unable to identify, for I happen to own three such chimneypieces, originally fixed in Egremont House, Piccadilly, which appears to have been demolished about the year 1789, while the late Rev. John Goring of Wiston Park, Sussex, informed me that a fourth was in his house. The one, Fig. 11, in Mr. Hussey's article much resembles one of mine, the tablet in both bearing a finely carved head of a youthful Bacchus crowned with grapes. Perhaps I may be pardoned for remarking that your article has an additional interest to me, as it describes the unsuccessful opposition of my great-great-grandfather, William Jolliffe, M.P. (who was himself one of the Lords of the Admiralty during the Coalition Government of Fox and North), to the expenditure proposed in the House of Commons in 1786 for building the existing Admiralty House.—HYLTON.

[The chimneypiece referred to by Lord Hylton is that in the present State bedroom at the Admiralty. In the light of these interesting facts it is highly probable that this piece is from Egremont House, not from Blackheath, as was hazarded by Mr. Hussey.—ED.]

A STRANGE RESURRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A few years ago I saw a tree which had behaved in a manner similar to that described by Lord Powis. It was a large spruce which had been blown down across a road. About a third of the tree was sawn off from the top, whereupon the remainder righted itself to an almost upright position. Curiously enough, the adapted quotation under your illustration occurs in the First Lesson for last Sunday; it is from Ecclesiastes xi, and runs as follows: "If the tree fall toward the south or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there shall it be."—GERALD LODER.

THE MYSTERY ON THE HEARTH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The explanation of the inner fireplace at Harrington House, mentioned in Mr. Kitchen's letter in the issue of COUNTRY LIFE for November 24th, is simple. These are, or were, to be found in the older houses in Worcestershire and Gloucestershire. They are for use on a small scale in warm weather, when a large wood fire in the large hearth is not needed, in order to have a miniature fire sufficient to boil a kettle or pot. I have seen one in use in a cottage about 150 years old, belonging to my brother, Mr. T. R. Quarrell. That cottage is in the parish of Marten, Hunnington, near Droitwich. Mr. Fort's is evidently unusually well preserved, and has not been patched up. In preserving this fine house Mr. Fort should have the thanks of all.—W. H. QUARRELL.

OLD PLATE AT THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the first article on this subject in your issue of November 3rd, I much regret the misapprehension which has led to the statement with regard to our fifteenth-century mazer, "of which the vicar and wardens refused to allow an illustration to appear in these pages." We should have been proud to see it reproduced in such an interesting article, so exquisitely illustrated. Circumstances made it difficult to allow our exhibits to be photographed in Exeter on what seemed the bare chance of one being chosen for illustration. But we concluded that there would be ample opportunity at Plymouth, where permission rested not with us, but with the exhibition authorities, who were wholly responsible for their care.—H. DE VERE WELCHMAN, Rector of St. Petrock's, Exeter.

THE SPORTSMAN'S COOKERY BOOK: PARTRIDGE OR PHEASANT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Mr. Clement Ingleby's letter vaunting the partridge from a partridge country as the palatal superior of the pheasant raises a very

complex point. A pheasant from a pheasant country has certain virile characteristics of flavour that the best of partridges lacks, and it maintains this distinctiveness without loss of delicacy. The partridge—plump and delightful little bird—has always an appealing suggestion of femininity about it; and a quail is, of course, incurably Parisian. It is not easy to keep sentiment and gallantry out of the question and judge on pure gastronomic grounds. Questions of palate are nearly as dangerous and complicated as theology, and all sorts of things besides the game and the cooking tend to prejudice or vitiate one's judgment. Dumas the elder gives somewhere a recipe for hare, prefaced with the solemn admonition (I quote from memory): "To succeed in this recipe it is indispensable that the hare is one that has been personally shot and killed by the sportsman." Leaving the relative values of pheasant and partridge for gustatory judgment and sound digestion over, I hope, a number of years, I join issue with Mr. Ingleby over his second barrel, *i.e.*, that snipe is preferable to pheasant. The best way to cook a snipe is *inside a pheasant*—which conveys to the snipe a cultured atmosphere. If Mr. Ingleby will try this, I have every hope that he will be converted.—HUGH B. C. POLLARD.

THE NORWICH FAT STOCK SHOW.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You may like to see this photograph of Sir R. A. Cooper's cross heifer Lily, the



LILY, THE CHAMPION.

champion at the Norwich Fat Stock Show.—D.

[Our readers will find some reference to the show in our "Agricultural Notes."—ED.]

HOW TO SMOKE BACON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Could you give me particulars of how to smoke bacon as, here in France, whence I write, everything is very difficult.—E.

[For the purpose of smoking bacon, care should be taken, in the first instance, to see that the sides of bacon are fairly dry; these are then placed in a specially constructed chamber. This chamber need not necessarily be a large one, but it should be of sufficient height to allow the bacon to be hung at least 5ft. above the sawdust. The sawdust used should be hardwood sawdust (either ash, oak or elm). It is spread over the floor of the chamber about 4ins. thick, and is lighted at both ends and allowed to smoulder. The smoking chamber should be ventilated at the top for the purpose of drawing the smoke up. The temperature should not exceed 85° to 90° Fahr. I would mention that the sides should be hung up by the neck and allowed to smoke until the sawdust has burnt out, which, in the ordinary course of events, would take about twenty-four hours. If the smoking from the 4in. thickness of sawdust is not considered

to be sufficient, more sawdust may be judiciously added; and in winter it may be found necessary to place a little straw underneath the sawdust to maintain the necessary heat for drying, as, in addition to smoking, the drying process is continued in the smoking chamber. When the smoking is finished, the doors of the chamber should be thrown open as soon as possible, and the bacon allowed to cool down. This deals with bacon curing in a small way. In large chambers, it would probably be found necessary, in addition to the heat from smoking, to dry the sides by having steam pipes fixed round the chamber.—ED.]

SQUASH RACKET COURTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have a squash rackets court covered with galvanised iron, and four walls built of brick. I am having it re-coloured, and shall be obliged if you will let me know of colouring composition which will not come off on black rubber balls and also which will not sweat in warm weather after a cold spell. I understand that there are non-sweating compositions on the market now, but I have not seen any particulars of them. I have read that the Cavendish Club have treated their squash rackets court successfully, but I do not know their address.—W. H. BANKS.

[White is the best for the walls of a squash court. There are now several non-sweating preparations. Among the best known is that of the New Bickley Company, Battersea Bridge

Road, London, S.W. The court at the Cavendish Club which has recently come into play is most satisfactory in every way. This court is of parchment-coloured cement, with no colour added. The work was carried out by G. H. Carter, 108, Hungerford Road, N.7.—ED.]

RECALLED TO LIFE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The following fact may interest naturalists. At the residence of a friend of mine near Bala, North Wales, a disused well, on which a cover had been placed last November, was being cleaned out early in June. At the bottom, embedded in the mud, the workmen found what they took to be a dead swift. They sent it in to my friend, who, on holding it in his hands, fancied he detected a slight movement in one of the claws. The bird was then placed near a fire and gradually came to life, was able later to perch on a rail and eventually take flight. I should like to know if a similar instance has been known in this country.—SIDNEY LLOYD.

[Possibly, the swift had landed on the mud at the bottom of the well when the workmen were having breakfast or away on some other business. That would not be unusual, as the swift rises with difficulty from hard ground. If our correspondent means to imply that it had been there from the preceding November until June and was still living, he is stating an impossibility.—ED.]

REMARKABLE RECOVERIES OF A RINGED BIRD IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—One of the most interesting records of bird ringing in America is that of a brown thrasher, marked by Mr. Baldwin at Thomasville, Georgia, with ring No. 19247, on February 27th, 1915, and taken again on the following March 13th. In 1916 he was taken three times, March 4th, 11th and 17th, always in trap A; in 1917 three times, twice in trap A, March 11th and 13th, and one in trap AA, on the other side of the house, on March 12th. In 1918 and 1919 there was no trapping done. In 1920 he was taken four times, on March 11th in A, and on February 16th and 20th, and March 8th in trap AA. In 1921, although traps were worked, he was not taken, and it looked as if his history was complete and his course run, for he was at least six years old in 1920. In 1922, to the great surprise of everybody, he turned up again, being captured in trap A, where he had been feeding year after year, on March 28th. To make up for his absence during 1921 he seemed to delight in being trapped, for seven times more did he enter the traps, on March 31st and April 1st, the traps being always A or AA. What age this bird is can only be guessed at, but it is eight years since his first and last captures. May he live to again return this year.—H. W. ROBINSON.

AN OLD CIDER MILL IN GLOUCESTER-SHIRE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph of an old village cider mill which is in daily use at present in



A VILLAGE CIDER MILL.

the village of Kemerton, near Tewkesbury. I believe they are now nearly extinct.—M. E. MACCABE.

THE REVIVAL OF TWO ENGLISH INDUSTRIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There is to-day a question to the fore which in one degree or another affects us all as Englishmen and Englishwomen. Shall we let our two industries—English herb growing and English tobacco planting—live or die? In the war, the protective tariff for the home industry made herb growing a successful thing all over the country. For fifty years before the war the Government's importation of German herbs, at a cost to the nation of £200,000 per annum, injured English herb growing overpoweringly; but the war stopped the importation of herbs, and the country's trade had a chance of reviving, which was taken advantage of, from one end of England to the other. To-day—now the war is over and German trade pushing itself on us again—our home industry is flagging. It needs backing up by the Government; it needs some protection. It is given neither. Everywhere in our meadows and woodlands and commons grow wild, in profusion, far better qualities of herbs than Germany has ever sent us. For she sends inferior herbs, and keeps the best herself. But shall we be content to let die down an industry which formerly gave employment and remuneration to thousands of our citizens? Already one society is organising lectures to encourage villages and towns to revive the industry which once proved such a stand-by. But more practical co-operation is needed: more practical determination not

to suffer a foreign country to take from us a trade which only fifty years ago was our own. It is the same with English tobacco-growing. Formerly it was proved to be a most successful industry, and that English soil was essentially suitable to the growth of the tobacco plant. Perhaps it is not generally known that as far back as the reign of Charles I this industry had so greatly increased and extended that the Customs dues on imported tobacco, which accrued to the Crown, were much lessened, and, consequently, the nation's industry was discouraged. But there is no manner of doubt that English tobacco, given proper chances, would prove an eminently successful industry; and—this fact is worthy of special note just now—would give employment to a great number of Englishmen and Englishwomen. In 1910, when the prohibition of Government was removed, the hope revived that tobacco planting should be revived and developed. In a pamphlet printed by the British Tobacco Growers' Society, Limited, these words occur: "There should be a central organisation, whether a Government Department, or specially formed for the purpose . . . which, sustained by State Funds, should be charged with the duty of providing information, and assisting in the organisation of groups of persons actively interested in the industry." But this suggestion was not practically taken up, so this industry of ours flags to-day through lack of State support and organisation. Nevertheless, in England to-day there exists an opportunity full of promise which should not be suffered to fall unused by the roadside. It is the opportunity to build up two formerly profitable industries.—those of herb-growing and tobacco-plantings. It is for English citizens to co-operate and insist that Government shall not thwart these home trades, but support and protect them.—I. DE GIBBERN SIEVEKING.

THE FARNE ISLANDS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I see in your issue of October 20th that you have a notice with regard to the proposed sale and purchase for the National Trust of these islands. I observe, however, that your notice does not set out any address to which subscriptions could be sent, and I am writing to say that I am the Secretary and Treasurer for this project, which anyone who cares at all for birds can scarcely disregard. The islands are for sale, and if this project can be carried through the birds will be saved and the nesting sites remain safe permanently; whereas, if the project is not carried through, the islands may fall into the hands of some speculative person who might use them as a stone quarry or some other project to the ruination of the birds entirely. I shall be glad if you would make use of this letter in any way you think best.—COLLINGWOOD F. THORP, Belvedere, Alnwick.

A BUZZARD IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The other day I saw a fine example of the now rare buzzard (*Buteo buteo*, Linnaeus) just outside a certain charming village somewhere in Nottinghamshire. It was perched on the trunk of a fallen tree in a woodland glade. I was able to secure a very good view of the rarity before it took alarm and rose on its splendid pinions. On the wing it presented an imposing spectacle, and I saw at once how easily people who are unacquainted with elementary ornithology are liable to confuse the buzzard with the golden eagle! This is the second buzzard that has been seen in Nottinghamshire within the last twelve months. Unfortunately, the previous example was shot. A few moments after I had witnessed the departure of the buzzard a gamekeeper arrived, gun in hand. I hastened to tell him that I thought I had seen a rather suspicious-looking tramp enter the wood on the opposite side of the road. He went to investigate. I am afraid he would find that the "suspicious character" had vanished in thin air: that purely imaginary mortal was certainly of the stuff that dreams are made of! However, while the keeper pursued his futile quest the buzzard had a chance to leave the danger zone far behind!—CLIFFORD W. GREATORREX.

AN IRISH BOAT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph of a "curragh," or native boat which is used around the West Coast of Donegal. It is very light in weight



A CURRAGH FROM WEST DONEGAL.

and ingenious in construction—over a framework made by the interlacing of tree twigs of even length, an outside covering of two folds of thick calico, well tarred on both sides, is drawn and firmly fastened to the gunwale. The average length of these boats is from 8ft. to 10ft., width about 4ft. and depth about 2ft. The bottom is almost flat. Though so light in weight, it is considered very safe by those who use it. A man kneels in the bow and propels it with a short paddle, one end of which is shaped like an elongated spade. This he uses in a most business-like way, scooping the water first to the right hand, then to the left, as he goes along.—B. GRAHAM.

THE SEA WORM AS A DECORATOR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of an old pitcher or vase which was trawled up by a local fishing vessel when twenty miles east of Southwold. It must have been in the sea many years, as it is decorated with those china-like tubes of the sea-worm, which are immovably cemented on both the outside and inside. The vase itself is of a light stone colour and bears a slight glaze. Probably it is a relic of the Battle of Sole Bay (off Southwold), or maybe it is from the ruined city of Dunwich which once stood near by but is now swallowed by the sea.—S. V. WATERS.



FROM NEPTUNE'S POTTERY.

END OF FLAT RACING IN 1923

EMINENCE OF LORD DERBY AS A BREEDER-OWNER

CERTAIN features of the flat racing season which was brought to a close last week may appropriately be dealt with on some later occasion, for they are matters that will not lose in interest and usefulness through being allowed to mature. But one outstanding thing there is, and it confronts the one who looks back, whether he be concerned himself with ownership or breeding. I refer to the leading part played by Lord Derby. I could write a great deal on the immense place he takes in English racing at the present time, and yet I feel it would be impossible to convey at all adequately all that the sport and the industry of breeding owe to his splendid participation. The subject was touched on in the early part of the year, when I wrote for COUNTRY LIFE a special article about his remarkably fine group of breeding studs at Newmarket, and attempted at the same time to draw a picture of all they stood for, in addition to the great stable of horses in training under the direction of the Hon. George Lambton.

The leaves had not begun to bud when that article appeared, but they duly came and lived their short life, and now they are on the ground. I remember, without any necessity of making reference, discussing those four studs at Newmarket—Stanley House, Side Hill, Woodlands and Plantation—where are the noted stallions Swynford, Phalaris, Stedfast and Chaucer. I passed on to tell of the hopes for 1923 in regard to the racehorses, and of Pharos and Tranquil in particular. I did not hesitate to say that Lord Derby easily takes rank as the largest and most successful private breeder of the day, while no other individual owner has made himself responsible for such an elaborate and imposing stable of horses in training.

What, then, do we find at the end of November? Lord Derby easily heading the list of winning owners with just on £40,000 to his credit; Lord Derby at the head of the winning breeders' list with, naturally, about the same amount, seeing that he only races, with rare exceptions, what he actually breeds; Lord Derby owning the largest individual winning racehorse in the fine classic heroine Tranquil with £20,707 as her magnificent contribution; and Swynford, one of those sires mentioned above, at the head of the winning sires' list, his stock having won just about £38,000. They are wonderful figures, and must give Lord Derby a good deal of well-deserved satisfaction. We who look on can only marvel over the value of his influence and the importance of the example he sets. Year after year he seems to do well, even though the Derby eludes his grasp in a positively extraordinary and uncanny way. The fact that he is so fairly consistent, notwithstanding the sometimes rough play of what we call "Luck," shows that he is breeding from the right strains of blood.

There have been times in recent years when his horses appeared to fail him and thin seasons seemed inevitable, but suddenly there would come a vast change of fortune. It was so this year. Lord Derby had a melancholy Epsom and Ascot through the failures of Pharos and Tranquil, while Silurian was only beaten a short head for the Ascot Gold Cup. The lean time extended until Goodwood, and then the change came. Supposing Pharos had won the Derby, that Tranquil had been herself on Oaks day when she was not even placed behind others that were inferior to her, and that Silurian and Pharos had won at Ascot, then the winnings would have been increased by well over another £20,000. Lord Derby's colours were carried in four of the five classic races, and with Tranquil he won the One Thousand Guineas and the St. Leger. Her poor showing in the Oaks has been referred to, while the triumph of Papyrus over Pharos in the Derby is well known.

It is possible, indeed probable, that the year for the leading owner would have been made still better but for that visitation of frost and fog at Manchester. It brought about the abandonment of the last stage of the meeting, involving at the same time the freezing out of the November Handicap, for which several horses were immensely fancied. They included Sir Abe Bailey's Ceylonese, Lord Derby's Moabite, His Majesty's London Cry, Sir Delves Broughton's Sun Charmer, and the Irish horse Little Marten. Now Lord Derby with some caution had suggested to the electors of Lancashire that Moabite was very likely to get a place. The fact is that Mr. Lambton fancied him to win a great deal, but, of course, there was no race, and Lord Derby was spared any risk of losing that very considerable reputation he gained as a tipster a year ago, when from the house tops, as it were, he put his many friends in Lancashire on several good winners.

One thing that abandonment did at Manchester was to apply the closure most abruptly to Donoghue's attempts to go past his young rival, Elliott, and once again claim championship honours among the jockeys. Last Saturday morning the two were level with eighty-nine wins each. Donoghue remained in Manchester, having several rides on horses with undeniable chances. Elliott went to Lingfield, where he had four mounts, one being on Melibeus, a horse that was much fancied to win the Finale Handicap. While Donoghue had perforce to spend his afternoon in the train, travelling back to London instead

of in the saddle, there was nothing doing where Elliott was concerned. His spirit was willing enough, we may be sure, but his horses were simply not good enough. So that was the way the exciting race between the jockeys ended, and not a bad end either.

You have no doubt read here and there lamentations that the three year olds are moderate or worse than that. It is always so, according to these melancholy folk, with whom it has become a habit to decry the three year olds year after year. One wonders when they ever were good! Yet Tranquil is surely a high-class filly, bearing in mind her wins of the One Thousand Guineas, St. Leger, Jockey Club Cup, Liverpool St. Leger and one or two other races. That she is anything but tranquil by nature I have no doubt. Were it otherwise she might have been herself when she ran for the Oaks and was only fourth to Brownhylda, Shrove and Teresina, and again when Inkerman most unexpectedly beat her for the Jockey Club Stakes. I refuse to accept those defeats as being the true form of the brilliant filly we saw win the St. Leger.

Then I am perfectly positive Papyrus is a thoroughly good average Derby winner. He may not be as good as the few, but he is better than many that have won the Derby. Splendidly bred, endowed with a charming temperament, and with fine speed and stamina, he is a high-class colt, whose defeat for the St. Leger I do not altogether accept. Certainly I have seen Donoghue ride better races than was the case with his very anxious handling of Papyrus on that occasion. It is most satisfactory to know that, all being well, Mr. Hornung's colt will be well tried out as a four year old next season.

Mr. Dawson says that Brownhylda is a worthy winner of the Oaks. Naturally, of course, he would claim this for one that he trained. Moreover, she is due to come up for sale very shortly, but apart from these considerations this filly won other races, showing that she had genuine racing merit of a high order.

Alec Taylor is full of regrets that he was not able to train Light Hand for the Derby. Now, if this horse gets all right Lord Astor will have a very fine four year old to carry his colours. The Manton trainer is also of opinion that Inkerman is better than most people, including possibly the writer, imagine. We shall see when the time comes, of course. Ellangowan, winner of the Two Thousand Guineas for Lord Rosebery, was admittedly not the best of his year, but he also won at Ascot and the Champion Stakes at Newmarket. And yet we are told by the melancholy people that once more our three year olds are a moderate lot. It almost makes one weep. Verdict, winner of the Cambridgeshire, is well behind the French champion Epinard, but she is a good filly nevertheless. A three year old did not win the Cesarewitch, but many believe that Teresina was very unlucky not to have done so. It was a three year old in Daughter-in-Law that won the Derby Cup.

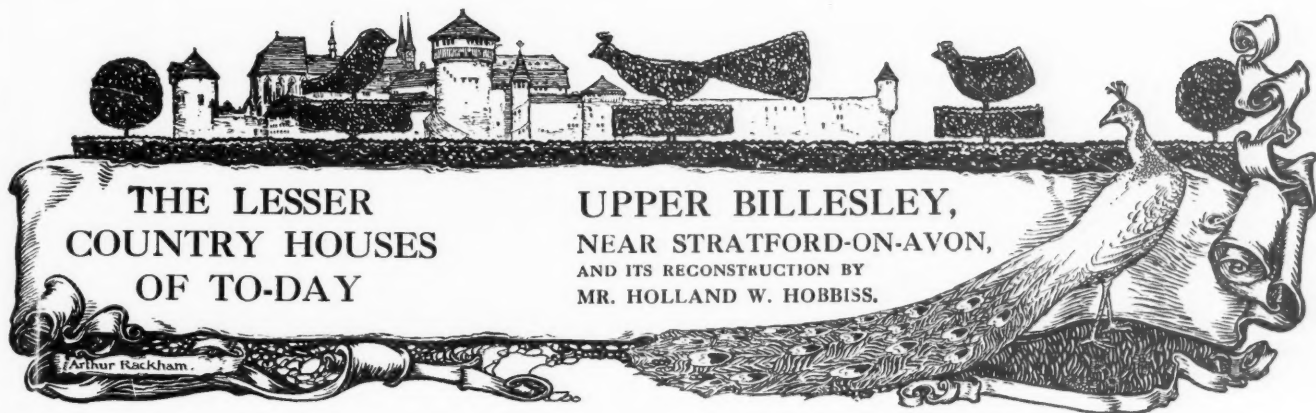
We have the Aga Khan more than consolidating the big position he has taken on the English Turf in an extraordinarily short time. There never was a better example of the power of the long purse. He dug deeply into it in order to pay many thousands of guineas for yearlings at auction, but the policy has paid as it seldom has in the past. He finds himself second in the winning owners' list to Lord Derby, and one day he is, I should say, certain to reach the top of it. His colours were placed in three of the classic races, twice with the unlucky Teresina and once with Cos. The Derby, of course, is now his objective, and in the two year old colts Diophon and Salmon Trout, both very fine winners during the past season, to say nothing of the brilliant Mumtaz Mahal, he has particularly bright prospects for 1924.

His trainer is only beaten in the trainers' winning list by Alec Taylor, who once again takes his familiar place at the head with the wonderful sum of £50,000 to his credit. Yet he and his owners were inclined to be rather depressed until comparatively late in the season. His best three year olds—Light Hand, Bold and Bad, and Saltash—failed him (this was subsequent to the last-named unexpectedly winning the Eclipse Stakes); but then he entered on a brilliant autumn campaign, and everything went right. The big stakes kept rolling in, including the valuable Jockey Club Stakes. And so Manton retains its own particular championship.

Most gratifying is it that the King's horses should have done so much better than for some years past. The Royal colours captured the Royal Hunt Cup and the Prince Edward Handicap, while they were carried to victory at Ascot for the Coventry Stakes by a colt from which we hope for much next year. I refer to Knight of the Garter. May it be so.

This is, of course, a most cursory glance back at some of the features of the 1923 season. Apart from the personal successes of individuals it was on the whole humdrum, unrelieved even in a serious way by the Betting Inquiry, which collapsed so amusingly, apparently, because Tariff Reform is a bigger question than that of the suggested taxation of betting! On subsequent occasions it will be possible to discuss subjects suggested by happenings during the season which ended so dramatically at Manchester last week-end.

PHILIPPOS.



THREE miles to the north-west of Stratford on a ridge overlooking the Vale of Avon, stands a group of buildings known as Upper Billesley. Originally they were farm buildings belonging to the manor of Billesley, and through many generations they served their farm purposes; but early in the seventeenth century considerable rebuilding and additions were made to the manor house by the then owner, Sir Robert Lee, Kt., and in subsequent years the place was occupied by a succession of more or less interesting and distinguished persons. At the time, however, with which we are now principally concerned its condition was sad indeed, for when the present owner took possession of the farmhouse, in 1921, it had become derelict, and was only partially occupied. Mr. Holland W. Hobbiss was commissioned to undertake its reconstruction and alteration, and that he has accomplished his task with success, the accompanying illustrations serve as testimony. Before the reconstruction it was a typical Warwickshire



A CORNER OF THE REAR ELEVATION.
From the paved terrace overlooking garden and orchard.



farmhouse of moderate size, with three good rooms on the ground floor, four bedrooms on the first floor, and three attic rooms which served as the sleeping apartments of the farm hands. Outbuildings and barns surrounded the farmyard, which is removed from the house, a little to the south. In carrying out the reconstruction it was desired to retain as much as possible of the character of the existing old work, while making such alterations as would render the house convenient in the modern sense. In particular it was desired that the eighteenth century oak staircase should be preserved. A partition was removed, and the original farm kitchen became again the central room of the house, its great open fireplace being restored to its original condition. The room adjoining, overlooking



ENTRANCE FRONT.



TWO VIEWS OF THE HALL.



DINING-ROOM.

the orchard at the back, became the dining-room; the old parlour was transformed into a modern kitchen; and the dairy was adapted to serve as a butler's pantry, linking up with the kitchen wing.

A word now as to the entrance side. Owing to motor requirements, the approach to any house of fair size is a matter that demands the architect's special attention. The old brougham with its narrow wheel-base and quarter lock was a comparatively easy vehicle to bring in a dignified manner to the front of a house. But nothing irritates the motorist more than to have to reverse his engine when approaching the entry. Perhaps this more than any other consideration decided the position of the entrance door at Upper Billesley. An old disused road, sweeping round the front of the house, was discovered and opened up, and a motor-way of ample dimensions was constructed to bring the visitor to the south side. The entrance, with its usual appointments, interposes, and connects the main part of the house with a large living-room which has been made out of the old granary. One end of the latter was knocked out, the structure extended, and the upper floor removed, with the exception of the beams, which are 12in. oak baulks, that have been left because they act as tie-beams to the roof principals. Without them the walls would tend to be pushed over by the weight of the roof. The height of the roof gave an opportunity of providing a gallery which serves a similar use to that which was common in other days, inasmuch as musicians here find an appropriate place when a dance is in progress.

A good deal of work was necessary to bring the house up to modern standards as to sanitation and convenience in its working equipment. A new drainage scheme had to be provided and the water-supply made more adequate. Also, as most of the ground floors were paved with stone, it was necessary to provide central heating.

To the east of the house the old piggeries were removed, and one of the barns on the south of the courtyard was pulled down, opening up a view across the country, in the direction of the Avon valley. The stone-flagged floor and the walls, to a height of 3ft., were left, and now a terrace leads from the garden to the fields.

The old farmyard became a formal garden. The cow ties on the north of the yard were unroofed and the brick piers left standing, and in this way was formed an excellent pergola, rose-decked in its season. The site of the fowl-pens and kitchen yard was levelled and paved with local blue lias flagstones.

There remain to be mentioned the range of nondescript buildings on the east side of the garden. They are a hodge-podge of brick, half-timber, tile and thatch roofs, and, except for minor alterations, have been left as such. Here the visitor may wander along and inspect the last litter of puppies or the ferrets, pull the ears of the pet rabbits, or stroke the soft noses of the horses; and all this has been arranged without contact being made with what may be called the business side. There is, too, the old barn, which is worth inspecting and will one day make an excellent rackets court, when the boys are old enough. R. R. P.

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THE ESTATE MARKET

SMALL COUNTRY HOUSES

THE fantastic story of the substitution of a small boy for the young Princess Elizabeth is revived now that Overcourt comes under the hammer. This Cotswold property of 3 acres, near Stroud, is said to have been presented by Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn. It seems, according to the legend, that about the time of the birth of Elizabeth a son was born to Lady Neville of Bisley, where Overcourt is situated. The story is that the princess succumbed to one of the many fevers which at that time took toll of all classes, and that her little body was secretly buried, and the boy was dressed up and made to play the part of the departed princess, with such success that his own father never guessed what had happened. Quite recently a writer in the *Stroud Journal* said: "The legend of the 'Bisley Boy' is still told and believed in among the old inhabitants. In the side of the old churchyard wall is a wooden door opening into the garden of Overcourt, and there, in a secluded corner, lies a stone coffin which was dug up some years ago and was found to contain the bones of a young girl, thus giving colour to the ancient legend. The close friendship which existed between Elizabeth and Mistress Ashley and Master Parry until death was also remarkable in such times as those, implying almost the existence of a secret compact together. Bram Stoker's 'Famous Impostors' also contains much reference to the matter." The house is of stone with an old oak staircase, having spiral balusters, fluted newels and richly carved panels. Messrs. Jackman and Masters, will offer Overcourt at the London Mart on Wednesday next (December 5th) for Mrs. Cooper.

SALMON FISHING IN BANFFSHIRE.

CAPTAIN A. E. F. MORISON of Bognie and Mountblairy has decided to dispose of his residential and sporting estate of Mountblairy in Banffshire, and has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer it by auction. The estate lies along the western bank of the river Deveron, and Mountblairy House is five miles from Turiff Station. A feature of the grounds is a series of terraces which lead down from the house towards the river. The property extends to 4,000 acres, and includes the fishing lodge known as The Cottage, low ground shooting, with some grouse and roe deer. The salmon, sea trout and river trout fishing extends for three and a half miles in the River Deveron. The past season's basket included over 100 salmon, one of which scaled 48lb., besides a large number of trout. In addition there are the home farm and nine arable farms, and a considerable area of woodland.

Penninghame, near Newton Stewart, extending in all to 24,720 acres, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The property includes Penninghame House and grounds, policies on the River Cree, the smaller residence of Glenrazie, farms, and the interesting old castle, originally known as Culcreuchie and afterwards called Castle Stewart, which is believed to have been erected during the seventeenth century by Colonel William Stewart, who amassed a fortune in the German wars under Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden.

Edgcombe Hall, Wimbledon Common, a house panelled in modern oak, with 14 acres, is to be sold for executors shortly. Picket Post, Burley, the late Lieutenant-Colonel Peter Ormrod's residence, is also for sale. The auction of Sir Eric Geddes' Manchester Square house has been deferred from January to February 19th.

Important sales to be held by the Hanover Square firm before concluding the 1923 season include Holmrook Hall, Cumberland, for many years the home of the Lutwidge family; and outlying portions of Fetcham Park, Surrey, for Sir Edward Mountain. Town houses, No. 114, Gloucester Place; and No. 7, Mandeville Place (in conjunction with Messrs. Dibblin and Smith); and No. 118, King's Avenue, Clapham Park.

Early in the coming year they will deal with the Lathom estates, Lancashire, 4,000 acres; Netherside Hall and Linton, 1,000 acres in Yorkshire; 282,235 acres of the Island of Lewis for Viscount Leverhulme; the Westbury

estate of 2,297 acres, near Petersfield; and No. 66, Grosvenor Street.

The freehold, Clare Lawn, East Sheen, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

LEEZ PRIORY'S RENOVATION.

FLOORLESS and windowless, given over to owls and bats, its lower storey a stable, was how the writer of the article on Leez Priory, Essex, had described its massive east gateway and chief glory, only a few years before the article appeared. The illustrated description in *COUNTRY LIFE* of April 4th, 1914 (page 486), told of a wonderful renovation. Mr. M. E. Hughes-Hughes acquired Leez Priory from the Governors of Guy's Hospital, and restoration proceeded apace with perfect taste and scrupulous respect for the antiquated beauty of the place. Excavations were made to reveal the foundations of the monastic buildings, and other good work was well done.

Leez Priory, which, as stated last week in the Estate Market page, has been let for a long term by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, is a couple of miles south of Felsted, eight miles from Chelmsford. Ralph Gernon, about the year 1200, founded there a priory for canons of the Augustinian Order. Henry VIII gave the estate to his Solicitor-General, Sir Richard Rich, first Lord Rich, who demolished the Priory and reared on its foundations the mansion of which now only the two gateways and part of the outer court remain. There Queen Elizabeth thrice stayed. Penelope Rich, the "Stella" of Philip Sidney's sonnets, was married to the third Lord Rich. Her son Robert's portrait was painted by Van Dyck. In 1678 Leez passed to the Earl of Manchester, and later it was sold to Edmund Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, son of James II and Catherine Sedley, and very soon afterwards to Guy's Hospital. The many illustrations in the article in these columns in 1914 show that, both within and without, Leez Priory is a place of exceeding great beauty.

SALE OF A DORSET ESTATE.

CLYFFE, six miles from Dorchester, at Tincleton, has been sold to a private buyer for his own occupation, by Messrs. Collins and Collins. The estate extends to 956 acres, affording excellent pheasant shooting, and two miles of trout fishing in the River Frome. The wild duck and snipe provide sport in the season. The house stands high, facing south. Included are five farms, numerous cottages and extensive woodlands. A portion of the land consists of rich pasture. The agents are to offer the contents of the mansion, in conjunction with Messrs. Ensor and Son.

Lopemede, Long Crendon, on the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire border, 138 acres, has been sold for £5,900, or £42 an acre, by Messrs. Franklin and Jones, at an auction in Thame.

Westley House, near Minsterley, Salop, a holding of 146 acres, was knocked down in public competition for £5,450, by Messrs. Alfred Mansell and Co.

West Bilney estate, Norfolk, 2,366 acres, has been sold since the auction, by Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co.

The representatives of the owner of the Foxhills estate, near Chertsey and Virginia Water, have decided to put the property into the market. It is a beautiful seat of about 450 acres, and the mansion, which is nearly half a mile back from the road, is an imposing structure, built, by Bassévi, early in the nineteenth century. There is a farm of moderate size with a complete set of buildings on the estate, which comprises chiefly fir woods, wild bracken and heather-clad hills and land. Messrs. George Trollope and Sons have the matter in hand. The present occupier, who has been living there for some time, is vacating it at the end of this month, and the property can be had with vacant possession.

Surrey sales effected by Messrs. Watkin and Watkin include Chelmer, Reigate, a detached freehold residence; Yews Cottage, Reigate Hill; Bridgsham Farm, Ockley, an agricultural holding of about 40 acres; five recently erected detached freehold residences on the Pilgrims estate, Reigate; a freehold detached residence with garage and over an acre of grounds, known as Oakfield, Reigate; a freehold residential property, Hillmede,

Charlwood; a somewhat similar property, the White House, facing Reigate Heath; and, in addition, the sale of a number of investments and a considerable area of building land which is now being developed.

In consequence of the General Election, the date of the auction of Redhurst, Cranleigh, has been deferred a week, that is, until Thursday, December 13th, at Cranleigh, by Messrs. Whatley, Hill and Co., who are authorised to offer the property of 24 acres at an upset price of only £6,000.

The Warlaby estate of 323 acres, which, as stated a week ago, is the home of the celebrated Booth herd of shorthorns, will be sold at Northallerton next Wednesday (December 5th), by Messrs. Franklin and Jones and John Thornton and Co.

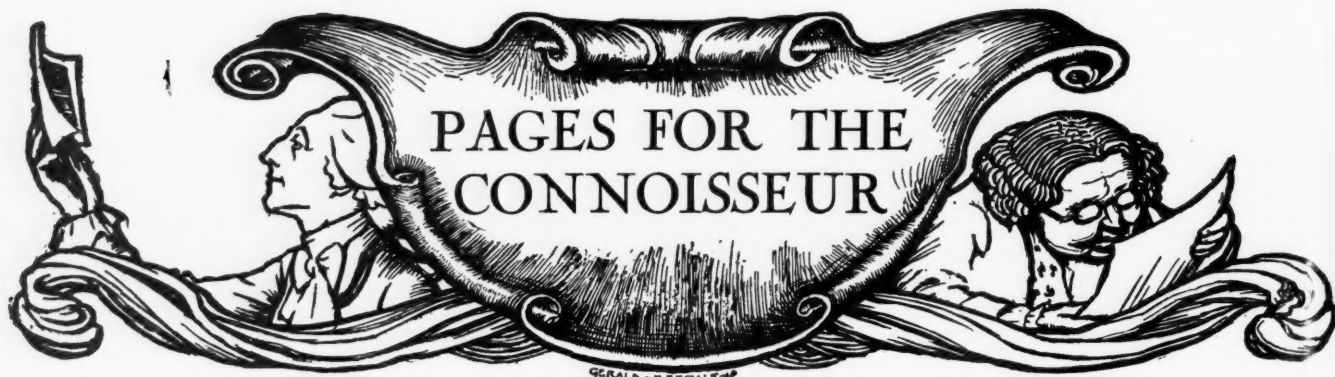
CONTENTS OF ASHBY ST. LEDGERS.

MAJOR P. E. T. HIBBERT has requested Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock to offer for sale about 2,000 lots of furniture and works of art at Ashby St. Ledgers, the well known mansion near Rugby, the auction to begin on Tuesday, December 11th. An idea of the variety and value of the items in the catalogue may be obtained by reference to the full-page illustrations in the Supplement to *COUNTRY LIFE* last week (page xxviii). There are a very fine French commode, signed C. Le Besgue; a marvellously wrought carved oak bedstead with canopy, in its original state; many French and Italian cabinets and tables; a rare old secretaire of the William and Mary period; and a collection of decorative china and glass which will bring collectors from distant parts to the sale. The paintings are of some note, including examples attributed to Teniers, Van Goyen, Nicholas Berghem, and other famous artists, among them James Stark. Rare old sporting prints, engravings, a quantity of painted glass from church windows; and a good many illustrated sporting books, are included. The furniture of the five reception-rooms and thirty bedrooms, and all the miscellaneous furnishing of a great country house, make the auction an interesting one, and there will be a keen enquiry for the catalogues prepared by the Rugby firm.

DEMAND FOR SMALL PLACES.

An exceedingly active market in small properties in Kent and Sussex, alike residential and of the small-holding type, is evident in many reports that are reaching us. For example, sales aggregating £100,000 are announced in a detailed list, sent by Messrs. Geering and Colyer. Selecting a few of them, the following may be mentioned: Alderden Manor, Sandhurst, a Tudor residence with 90 acres; Nine Chimneys Farm, a Tudor farmhouse, and 95 acres, at Challock; Twisden, Great Chart, Ashford, a modern residence and 25 acres; Pump Farm, Benenden (in conjunction with Mr. A. J. Burrows), a residential and agricultural estate of 130 acres; Lacton Hall, Willesborough, Ashford (in conjunction with Messrs. W. and B. Hobbs), a Queen Anne residence and 19 acres; Bigberry Farm, Harbledown, near Canterbury, a hop and fruit farm of 60 acres; Redbrook Farm, Woodchurch, 65 acres; Cousins Farm, Smarden, 50 acres; Church Farm, Frittenden, 55 acres; Wychwood, Shadoxhurst, a bungalow and 11 acres; Great Conster Farm, Beckley, 100 acres; Little Crittenden, Matfield, fourteenth century cottage and 2 acres; and Burnt House Farm, Burwash, 100 acres.

Another long list of transactions effected is from Messrs. Thake and Paginton, including: Dunwood Manor, Romsey, with central heating, electric light, garages, and 55 acres (sold in conjunction with Messrs. Dibblin and Smith and Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.); Edgcombe, Newbury, a residence with electric light, central heating, garage, and 40 acres; Springfield House, Broad Town a Georgian house with 6 acres, sold by auction at Swindon; Braeval, Seend; Rose Cottage, Purton, a delightful old place and an acre of grounds; also houses at Reading, Great Bedwyn, Langford and Thatcham. The total purchase price of the above properties is about £24,000, approximately a tenth of their sales as shown in a list, which they forward, of transactions in the last few months. Speen House, Newbury, a large residence with stabling, garages, and 37 acres, has been disposed of on lease. **ARBITER.**



OLD PLATE AT THE CHURCH CONGRESS.—III

SOME more plate of the seventeenth century claims notice in this, the conclusion of my article on the exhibition at Plymouth. The first is a massive silver chalice with a deep beaker-shaped body, and is of the type which succeeded the Elizabethan chalice, of which a few specimens are illustrated in my previous article. Communion vessels of this larger size were rendered necessary in many urban parishes, and, indeed, in some rural districts, by the increase in population in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries; and it is to be feared that earlier and smaller chalices were sacrificed and sent to the silversmith to be exchanged for these larger vessels. The inscription on a chalice on exhibition at this congress by an Exeter goldsmith of 1647 is a practical confirmation of this view. "This chalice was Exchanged for the olde & 3 [?] pounds] added unto it which was the gift of William Cheney & his wife late of Doddiscombsleigh." This inscription is of interest for another reason, in that the word "chalice" was engraved during the great conflict between Charles I and Cromwell, and provokes the suggestion that the influence of Archbishop Laud had not passed away with his execution two years earlier.

To return to the large chalice just mentioned, from the Cornish church of Landulph. It is inscribed:

EX DONO NICHOLAI LOWER
DE CLIFTON MILITIS AD
ECCLESIAM LANDULPH 1631

It was made in London in 1631-32, and is engraved with the donor's arms (Fig. 1). In the same old Cornish church is another large chalice with a paten-cover of the year 1640-41, bearing an inscription to the effect that it was the gift, in 1641, of Sir Nicholas Lower, Knight, whose massive tomb of marble is in the church at Landulph.

The smaller Cromwellian chalice from Cubert Church in Cornwall is of the same form, and both it and its paten-cover bear the interesting inscription: "Cubart bought at Plymmouth: 3^d February 1651." On seeing this inscription I had hoped that the marks would reveal those of a Plymouth silversmith, and I was disappointed to find the London date-letter for 1649-50 (Fig. 8).

Illustrated with this cup is a silver-gilt chalice from St. Mary's, Bradoc, in Cornwall, which is described in the official guide of the exhibition as "supposed to be pre-Reformation but unfortunately restored some years ago" (Fig. 7). This ascription was, doubtless, prompted by the mediæval character of the hexagonal stem, knop and hexafoil foot, and especially by the

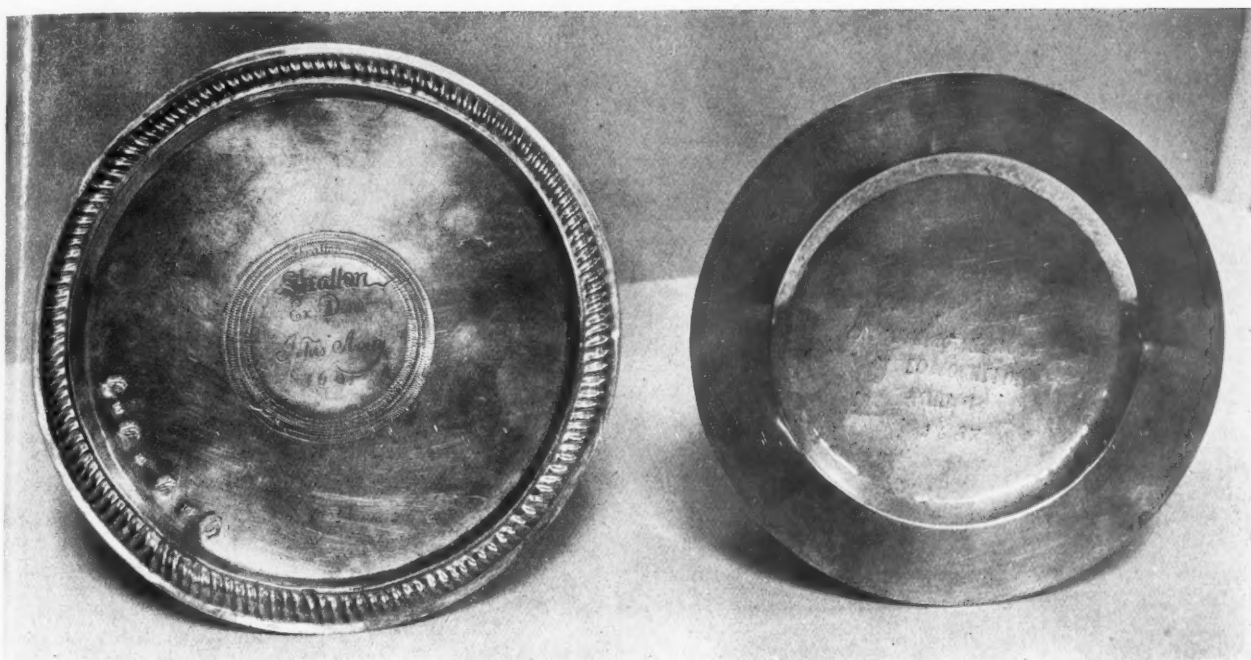
representation of the Crucifixion engraved upon the foot. The shape of the bowl and the stamped decoration on the edge of the foot betray its post-Reformation date, which, in the absence of definite marks, may be assigned with some degree of safety to the reign of Charles I, when many chalices of mediæval character were made for English churches under the influence of Archbishop Laud. One feature worthy of notice in this chalice is that the foot follows in outline those of the early sixteenth-century chalices, of which the most conspicuous example is the gold chalice of the year 1507-8, presented to Corpus Christi College, Oxford, by Bishop Foxe, the founder of that college. This chalice, which is 7½ ins. high, may be regarded as an addition to the article by Mr. W. W. Watts on "Archbishop Laud and Church Plate of the Seventeenth Century" in COUNTRY LIFE for October 21st, 1922.

Among the exhibits from Exeter Cathedral were many manuscripts, a silver flagon of 1629-30, and a most curious silver-gilt alms dish on a plain foot, 15½ ins. diameter (Fig. 5). It is inscribed "Dicavit Eccle: B P Exon Soror Butler Virgo prim: Pietatis in vita Cultrix Et in morte Exemplar." In the centre of the plain depression is a church enclosed in a laurel wreath, both embossed. On the wide rim are oval panels of tulips, four cherubs' faces, skulls, cross-bones and hearts, all embossed and separated by single tulips. Certain features in the decoration betray a foreign origin, while others may be seen on English plate, but the date may be safely assigned to the second half of the seventeenth century. The only mark is that of the unknown maker, M W, above a star between two pellets, in a plain shield.

Two patens have been chosen for illustration, not only as specimens of West Country goldsmiths' work, but mainly for their interesting inscriptions. The first (Fig. 2) is from Stratton in Cornwall, whence came also an example of the Elizabethan chalices and paten-covers by the well known Exeter goldsmith, John Jons, the maker of several others in this exhibition. This paten has an embossed gadroon edge, such as is seen on English patens and salvers of the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries. Two inscriptions are engraved upon it, one recording the gift to this church by one John Avery in 1691, and the other being the enigmatical inscription: "Stratton is one place & in another convent place." No satisfactory solution of this inscription has been made. Perhaps, some reader of COUNTRY LIFE can provide an answer. The maker's mark stamped upon it in two



1.—LARGE PLAIN CHALICE, 1631-32. Landulph, Cornwall.



2.—PATEN, by John Avery, Exeter, dated 1691. Stratton, Cornwall.

3.—PATEN, by a West Country goldsmith, dated 1687. Harford, Devon.

different punches is formed of the monogram J A and the initials I A, for the maker, John Avery of Exeter, who was also the donor. The other paten (Fig. 3), from Harford in Devon, is plain, and is inscribed:

LET SACRAMENTS AND PRAYER BE MORE IN FASHION
WEE NEED NOT DOUT OR FEARE OF TOLLORATION
MAY 15TH
1687

A caudle cup or porringer of the end of the seventeenth century claims attention, not from any rarity in the form or decoration—these features and the fluting are common enough in English cups of this period—but from the fact that it was wrought by a goldsmith of Falmouth, whose name it is hoped may be identified (Fig. 4). It is 3½ ins. high and 4 ins. in diameter at the mouth, and was exhibited by the Cornish parish of St. Gerrans. After the year 1701, when an assay office was established at Exeter in compliance with the Act of William III, most of the goldsmiths of the West Country, from Barnstaple, Totnes, Plymouth, Falmouth and other places, sent their wares to that assay office in accordance with the law, and



4.—CAUDLE CUP, late seventeenth century, by a Falmouth goldsmith, 3½ ins. high. St. Gerrans, Cornwall.



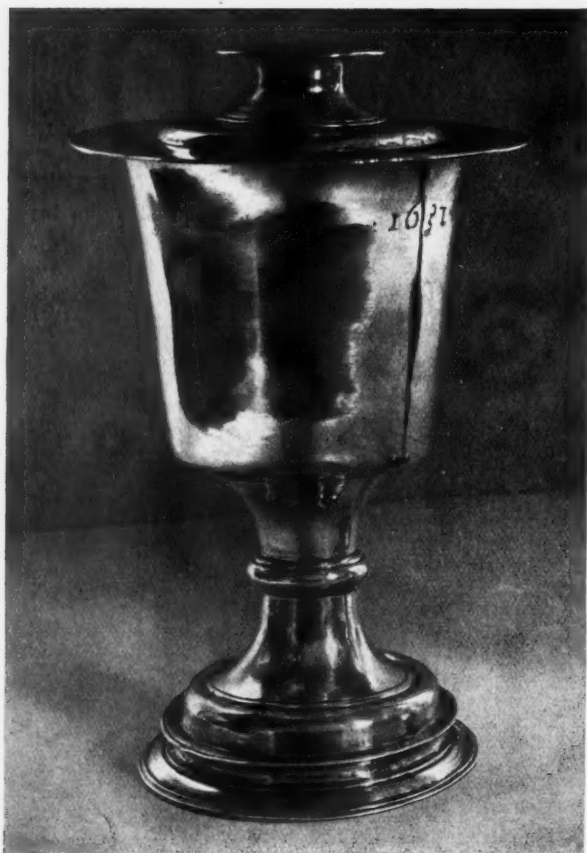
5.—ALMS DISH, seventeenth century, 15½ ins. in diameter. Exeter Cathedral.



6.—RUSSIAN SILVER PATEN, late eighteenth century Perran-ar-Worthal, Cornwall.



7.—CHARLES I CHALICE, 7½ins. high. St. Mary's, Bradoc, Cornwall.



8.—L A N CHALICE AND FATEN-COVER, 1649-50. Cubert, Cornwall.

their individuality was in some measure lost and the work assigned to Exeter craftsmen.

The ninth illustration is of an engraved representation of the administration of the Holy Communion from a silver flagon (not a chalice, be it noted) in the church of East Allington, South Devon. The men are dressed in contemporary fashion, and are kneeling on the right and the women on the left. This piece of engraving must, surely, be unique in English ecclesiastical plate of the eighteenth century or any other period. Philip Elston of Exeter was the maker of the flagon, about 1735. The flagon itself is cylindrical and plain, and conforms to the conventional type of the period. The double monogram, J P, is probably that of the donor.

In the Devonshire church of Kingsnympton is an ornate alms dish decorated in high relief with a scene from the Last Supper, by the London goldsmith, Margaret Feline, 1756-57. It was presented with a chalice and flagon in 1756 by James Buller as a thank-offering for his recovery from the smallpox. An illustration may be seen in the "Report of the Devon Association," Vol. XLII.

Fig. 6 is a small Russian silver paten from the Church of Perran-ar-Worthal in Cornwall. Engraved upon it are various symbols of the Orthodox Eastern Church. It dates from the second half of the eighteenth century.



9.—ENGRAVING ON A FLAGON OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE HOLY COMMUNION, by Philip Elston, Exeter, circa 1735. East Allington, Devon.

Among the odds and ends exhibited were an apostle spoon by an Exeter goldsmith, from Kenwyn, near Truro, the bowl of which has been pierced as a strainer for the Sacramental wine; and a pair of tall flagons of cylindrical form, dated 1636-37, from Tywardreath in Cornwall, which were made by the same goldsmith as the plate in the Church of St. Peter ad Vincula, within the Tower of London. A seventeenth century chalice by a Cornish or Devon silversmith in Tintagel Church is inscribed: "Fifty shillings towards this plate was given by Syllvester Sweetser late Vicar of Tintagell." The contributor was vicar of the parish from 1668 until his death in January, 1684. Two silver bowls with short handles for collecting alms, dated 1743, came from St. Ives, and are not without interest; and another, in the shape of a glorified caddy-spoon, was wrought by a West Country craftsman.

Three metal-gilt maces of the defunct Corporation of Plympton St. Maurice, the birthplace of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and now preserved in the Parish Church, were also exhibited.

My thanks are due to the clergy for their courtesy in allowing the plate to be photographed; to Mr. J. H. Hart, organiser of the exhibition; and to Mr. Littleton Hay, curator. Mr. W. H. May, the local honorary secretary, merits more than a word of thanks.

E. ALFRED JONES.